GOD'S PROTECTING PROVIDENCE

Man's Surest Help and Defence, in Times of the Greatest Difficulty and Most Eminent Danger

Evidenced in the Remarkable Deliverance of Robert Barrow, with Divers Other Persons, from the Devouring Waves of the Sea, Amongst Which They Suffered Shipwreck; and Also from the Cruel, Devouring Jaws of the Inhumane Cannibals of Florida

Faithfully Related by One of the Persons Concerned Therein, Jonathan Dickenson

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea. — Psalm 93:4

The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. — Psalm 74:20

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The Preface

Ingratitude towards men, after great favours received, is, among all civilized people, looked upon with just detestation, insomuch that the moral gentiles, in ages past, thought they could give no worse a character of a person than to call him ungrateful. How much more, then, are Christians — especially in a time of such light as now shineth — engaged to shun this sin of ingratitude towards their God, whom they sensibly know to be the fountain of all their mercies. And surely, next to the infinite mercy shown them for Christ's sake, in causing the day-spring from on high to visit their souls, remarkable outward deliverances ought, in a more than commonly remarkable manner, to be the objects of their gratitude to their great Deliverer. I must confess, thanksgiving — which is all that we poor mortals can return for the manifold favours we daily receive from Him — hath its rise in the heart; and as out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, how can those who are truly thankful in heart but render the calves of their lips, in telling to their friends and acquaintance how great things God hath done for them? Nay, they are so affected with such eminent appearances of the protecting hand of Providence, for their help, preservation, and deliverance, that they are not willing to confine it to themselves only, but to publish it to the world, that the fame of their God may be spread from sea to sea, and from one end of the earth to the other.

The following relation being large, I shall endeavour to be short, only recommending to the reader some few observations that seem to me most remarkable.

1. The hearts of all men are in the hands of God; he can turn them as he pleases. When these man-eaters' fury was at its height, their knives in one hand, and the poor shipwrecked people's heads in the other, their knees set against their shoulders, and their looks dismal on a sudden, the savages were struck dumb, and their countenances changed, that they looked like another people; the Cassekey (or king) becoming a safeguard to the distressed from the injuries of his own men — nay, such confidence put he in them, that he would trust them to remove the money he had taken from us, before he would trust his own people. When they were got from thence to another place, where they expected more safety, they found themselves disappointed, fresh dangers presenting themselves as dismally as before; yet God prevented any further mischief than the stripping of them of those poor rags the others had left them, and some other abuses, which by that time were grown familiar to them, and were looked upon as light afflictions. The Cassekey's wife was made an instrument for their deliverance, she and

some others having something of tenderness of heart in them, though among such an inhumane crew.

2. Many were the particular deliverances upon occasion of injuries offered. Once an arrow shot at them narrowly escaped them; another time, some going to shoot arrows at them, others of their own company caught hold of their bows and arms; nay, though some shot, yet their arrows missed. Not to mention the frequent dangers they were in, upon every slight suspicion of their being English — of which more anon. And well might these poor sufferers be in continual fear of their lives, since about a twelvemonth before, a party of Dutchmen, who had likewise suffered shipwreck, had been killed and devoured; and moreover, of the many vessels supposed to be lost on that coast, these are the first company known to have escaped. Neither is it so wonderful that they are thus cruel to strangers, since they are unnatural to their own aged people — having no more compassion on them than to make them slaves to the younger. Yet are these man-eaters as cowardly as cruel; when the Spaniards came up, the sight of a rusty musket presented towards them would make several of them flee.

3. The dangers from which they were delivered arose not only from men, but from the elements also, which God permitted to threaten and afflict them. One time, rowing in their boat, the sea swelled so that it was dangerous to continue there all night, and as dangerous to endeavour for the shore; yet Providence failed them not, but conducted them safely thither, as though a lane had been made through the breakers. Another time, by reason of a great flood, they were forced to remove their lodging several times, and for divers days were in continual apprehension of being drowned; at length they were preserved on an oyster hill. Not to mention the frequent dangers they were in by reason of the extreme cold, too tedious to touch on here — wherein this, however, is remarkable, that God can both administer strength in the midst of weakness, and also take away strength and cause weakness to seize, whenever he pleases. Here was an old man, a woman with a sucking child, and another with child — persons seemingly very unlikely to endure such hardships — all escaped; and divers Negroes, used to more hardness, perished.

4. As to lodging, I shall say little; any discreet person may imagine how hard it was for people well brought up to lie on a floor swarming with abundance of many sorts of creeping things, occasioned by the throwing of berry-stones on the floor, and letting all the nastiness they made lie there, which bred this vermin; and yet this might be accounted good lodging in comparison of the cold ground whereon they often lay afterwards, unsheltered, exposed to the bleak blasts of the north-west wind.

5. Their food was most scanty; the best of it such as, I am ready to think, the meanest Negro here would not touch with his lips — sometimes the gills and guts of fish picked off a dunghill, sometimes the scraps the Indians flung away, and the water they boiled their fish in, though never so indecently handled. At first their sorrows were so great, and their alarms so many, they could not eat; afterwards their diet was so uncouth they could not away with it, until at length hunger had so far prevailed over them that they could eat with an appetite the palmetto berries, the taste whereof was once so loathsome and ready to take away their breath; nay, so fond were they of them, that the getting of about a bushel by accident was looked on as a great prize.

6. Their being forced to disguise themselves under the name of Spaniards, though few of them could speak any Spanish, was another hardship, mostly because the natives often suspected them to be English, and thereby they were continually in danger of their lives. Whether their cruelty against the English proceeds from their being under no apprehension of danger from them, and so may think themselves lawless in what they do against our nation, or whether it proceeds from any particular disgust offered them by some English, I shall not determine. However, it would do well for those that are not under their power to avoid giving them any just cause of offence, lest their neighbours suffer for their faults. One of these savages complained that some years past he had been taken off by some of our English sloops, from whom he escaped by swimming, and was therewith disgusted — insomuch that, could he by his fishing have found out that they were English, it might have proved of ill consequence to them.

7. The courtesy of the Governor of Augustine, who clothed these naked people, fed their hungry stomachs, and caused them to be conducted safely to Carolina, is not to be passed by without due notice — especially being a man of another nation, as well as of a different religion, and one whose faith doth not teach its votaries such compassion towards those they count heretics. Neither let us forget the Governor of Carolina, whose generosity completed what the Governor of Augustine had begun, in assisting and cherishing these poor, distressed friends and countryfolk.

With which I shall conclude these remarks, and turn to treat more particularly concerning that faithful servant of the Lord, Robert Barrow, who was one of this company.

This man of God, whose habitation was in one of the northern counties of England, was early convinced of the blessed truth of God, professed by the people called Quakers, and soon after had a dispensation of the Gospel committed to him. He lived in his native country in esteem among his neighbours for his godly conversation, and was honoured in the Church of

God as an elder, who had abode faithful in his testimony, both in preaching the Gospel, suffering for the same, and behaving himself answerably thereunto. And in the year 1696, the Spirit of God (from whom he first had his commission) requiring him to come over into these parts, to preach the Gospel here also, he was not disobedient to the heavenly call, but gave up to do the will of God, though it was a cross to his own will, as appeared by an expression of his, before he left England, to this effect: that he had rather immediately have laid down his natural life there, if by so doing he could have kept his peace with God, than to have crossed the seas to America.

Well, hither he came; and after he had thoroughly visited these parts, he took ship for the West Indian islands, and at length was returning from Jamaica to this town of Philadelphia, when these calamities, mentioned in the ensuing journal, befell him. How he behaved himself under them is therein expressed — with what patience he was carried through them, with what faith he overcame even the very worst of men — so that it may be said, he was more than a conqueror over those bloodthirsty cannibals, looking to Him who was invisible, and by his grace seeing beyond them and their cruelty, by prayer wrestling with God for a blessing; even the blessing of being delivered out of their barbarous hands, and laying his bones amongst faithful friends. And so effectual were his fervent prayers, that they prevailed with God; and so gracious was his God unto him, that he sealed an assurance upon his spirit, that his prayers were heard, and should in due time be answered, before he was yet off his knees. And doubtless he was made a strength and a comfort to his companions in affliction, whose remembrance will not easily be blotted out of their minds.

One remarkable passage I cannot well omit, which demonstrates he had well learned of Him who is a God of truth, to speak the truth upon all occasions, though at the hazard of his life. For, as the reader may observe in the course of this following relation, these poor people, for the safeguard of their lives, had assumed the name of Spaniards; some, on that account, asserting what was wrong, others concealing the truth; yet this honest-hearted man, being directly asked the question, "Nickaleer, Nickaleer?" (their word for Englishman), could do neither, but in simplicity answered, "Yes"; being asked so concerning another, he again answered, "Yes." Yet, though for his plain dealing he was stripped of his clothes, which till then he had saved, God suffered not these savages to touch his life, or the lives of any of his company.

This he passed through, this afflicting trial, and at length arrived at this place on the 4th day of the 2nd month, 1697, though in much weakness, having been taken very ill of the belly-ache and flux at Augustine, of which he never recovered, but still grew worse and worse to his dying day. It was

about the eleventh hour in the evening when the barquentine he was passenger in arrived at this place. Divers Friends went on board, in order to get him ashore, but he being in so very weak a condition, they could not remove him at that time. He declared his great satisfaction that the Lord had granted his request, that he might lay up his bones in this place; that his heart was strong, and he hoped he might yet see Friends again at the meeting. He made mention of the goodness of God to him, and that his presence had attended him in all his exercises.

The next morning, being the 5th of the 2nd month, divers Friends went on board to help the vessel up to a wharf, in order to get him ashore, in which time he spake as before related, God's power attending him. About the 9th hour, divers Friends carried him in a hammock (being wrapped up in a blanket, and clothes to keep him warm) to the house of Samuel Carpenter, where he declared the goodness of God to him, and that his heart was yet strong, and his memory and understanding good. After which he was shifted, and then slept a considerable time.

On the same day, some Friends coming into the room to visit him, at the sight of them he seemed to rejoice, and, putting forth his hand, was ready to embrace them in much love, and in a very tender frame of spirit. The Friends expressed their gladness to see him, but said they were sorry to see him so very weak; to which he replied: "Although my body be weak, my mind is sound, and memory good." And further said: "The Lord hath been very good to me, all along unto this very day, and this morning hath sweetly refreshed me." And further added: "The Lord hath answered my desire, for I desired that I might come to this place, to lay my bones amongst you." And afterwards said: "It is a good thing to have a conscience void of offence, both towards God and towards men."

On the 6th day of the 2nd month, being the first day of the week, about the 5th hour in the morning, he desired a Friend to write for him to his dear wife, to remember his dear love to her, and to let her know of his travels and being here, and that the Lord was with him, that his outward affairs were settled, and that she had wherewithal to live on. He further said, divers Friends being present, that the Lord was with him, and all things were well, and that he had nothing to do but to die. And accordingly, on this day, he departed; and on the 3rd day following, being the 8th day of the 2nd month, he was buried in Friends' burying-ground, in this town of Philadelphia.

And now, having brought my relation concerning this good man to the last period of his life, I might very well have put a period to my preface; but I foresee some persons may be ready to say: here is an account of very strange passages, but of what credit is the relator? May we depend upon his

authority, without danger of being imposed upon? To such I answer: he is a man well known in this town, of good credit and repute, on whose fidelity and veracity those who have any knowledge of him will readily rely, without suspecting fallacy. But, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses everything may be established, besides him and his wife, a person whose residence (when at home) is in this town, viz. Joseph Kirle, the master of the barquentine in which they suffered shipwreck, a man of an honest character among his neighbours, had the perusal of it before it went to the press, and approved it.

With which I shall conclude, wishing my reader much satisfaction in the reading of it, but never the unhappiness of experiencing, in his own person, the truth of it.

A Journal of the Travels of Several Persons, with Their Sufferings, Being Cast Away in the Gulf (Among the Cannibals) of Florida, &c.

The persons' names, viz.:

Joseph Kirle, Commander of the barquentine *Reformation*.

Richard Limpeny, Mate. Thomas Fownes, Solomon Cresson, Thomas Jemmet, Joseph Buckley, Nathaniel Randal — mariners.

John Hilliard, the master's boy.

Ben, the master's Negro.

Jonathan Dickenson. Robert Barrow. Mary Dickenson. Benjamin Allen. Jonathan Dickenson, a sucking child, six months old — passengers.

Peter, London, Jack, Caesar — Negro men. Cajoe, a child. Hagar, Sarah, Bella, Susanna, Quenza — Negro women. Venus, an Indian girl — belonging to Jonathan Dickenson.

The 23rd day of the Sixth Month, called August, 1696. Being in company with twelve or thirteen sail of merchantmen, under the convoy of the *Hampshire* frigate, Captain Fletcher commander, we sailed from Port Royal, in Jamaica, being bound for Pennsylvania.

The 24th day. About noon came a sloop from Port Royal, meeting us off Point Negril, and gave an account of the French fleet's being at Cape Antonio. This evening we lay by off Black River's Mouth, in order to go the next morning to Bluefields; but it being calm for many days following, the current drove us to westward of the island.

The 31st day. This evening we lost sight of the *Hampshire* frigate, and then beat to windward again.

The 1st day of the Seventh Month, we anchored to westward of Savanna la Mar, and lost our anchor.

The 2nd day. We got to Bluefields Road to water.

The 4th day. This morning we sailed from Bluefields, intending our passage through the Gulf.

The 14th day. About noon we were abreast of Cape Antonio, and about a league to the eastward of the cape was a fire, making a great smoke. At length people appeared on the bay, making signs for us to put ashore; but, having a fresh gale, and not knowing who they were, our master would not.

This day we made the table-land of the Havana, and this evening stood over for Cape Florida; but about eight or nine at night we saw two lights, about a mile from us; fearing we were got amongst the French fleet, we tacked and stood for the open sea.

The 18th day. This morning no sail appeared, and, being most of the day calm, we lay about four leagues off the Havana. We had a fair wind, and were minded for that port, to enquire of the French fleet. This afternoon came a tornado from the land, and our master, being on the quarter-deck, was knocked down by the boom in its gybing, and broke his leg — an accident grievous to him and us; but, having things suitable, with a little experience, we set it. At this time I had four of my family very sick; one of whom was an Indian girl, who, just as I had bound up the master's leg, was taken with fits, which continued some hours, and then she died. This evening we stood over for Cape Florida, having the wind north-easterly.

The 19th day. This morning the wind not being fair, we stood up for Cuba, and about sunrising we spied the sails we had seen before, standing as we stood; we therefore supposed them to be some of our company, but by noon lost sight of them. About four this afternoon we spied a ship to the

eastward of us — we being about four leagues off shore, and about fifteen leagues to eastward of the Havana — and, supposing her to be a Frenchman, we stood in for the shore; but she gained on us. Then a tornado sprang up, and a great shower of rain followed, which hid us; whereupon we tacked and stood over for Florida. Night came on before we saw more of that sail, having the wind fair.

The 20th day. This morning we were in the Gulf, having a fair wind, and, seeing the two ships following us, we believed them to be of our company.

The 21st day. This morning the wind was at east, and shifting northerly.

The 22nd day. This day the storm began, at north-east.

The 23rd day. About one o'clock in the morning we felt our vessel strike a few strokes, and then she floated again for five or six minutes before she ran fast aground, where she beat violently at first. The wind was violent, and it was very dark, so that our mariners could see no land. The seas broke over us, so that within a quarter of an hour we were floating in the cabin. We endeavoured to get a candle lighted, which in a while was accomplished. By this time we felt the vessel not strike so often, but several of her timbers were broken, and some plank started; the seas continued breaking over us, and no land was to be seen. We resolved to stay in the vessel as long as she would hold together.

About the third hour that morning we supposed we saw land at some considerable distance; and at this time we found the water beginning to run out of the vessel, and at daylight we perceived we were upon the shore, on a beach lying on the breach of the sea, which, as the surges reversed, was at times dry. Taking a view of our vessel, we found the violence of the weather had forced many kinds of sea-birds aboard her; some of which, by force of wind, were blown into and under our hen-coops, and many remained alive. Our hogs and sheep were washed away and swam ashore, except one hog which remained in the vessel. We rejoiced at this our preservation from the raging seas, but at the same instant feared the sad consequences that might follow; yet, having hope still, we got our sick and lame ashore, also our provisions, with spars and sails to make a tent.

I went, with one Negro, to view the land and seek the most convenient place for that purpose; but the wilderness country looked very dismal, having no trees, only sand-hills covered with shrubby palmetto, the stalks of which were so prickly that there was no walking among them. I spied a place almost a furlong within, being a hollow beyond the beach; to this place my Negro and I soon cut a passage, the storm and rain continuing. Thither I got my wife and sick child (six months and twelve days old), also Robert Barrow, an aged man who had been sick some five or six months;

our master, who some days past had broken his leg; and my kinsman Benjamin Allen, who had been very ill with a violent fever most of the voyage. These, with others, we got to the place, under the shelter of a few bushes, which broke some of the wind but kept none of the rain from them. I got a fire made; most of our people were getting provisions ashore; our chests, trunks, and the rest of our clothing were still very wet and cold.

About the eighth or ninth hour came two Indian men — naked, except for a small piece of plaited work of straw, which just hid their private parts and was fastened behind like a horse's tail, made of a kind of silk-grass — running fiercely from the southward, foaming at the mouth, having no weapons but their knives. Without stopping, they violently seized the first two of our men they met, who were carrying corn from the vessel to the top of the bank, where I stood to receive it and put it into a cask. They used no violence, for the men did not resist, but, taking them under the arm, brought them towards me. Their countenances were very fierce and bloody; they had their hair tied in a roll behind, in which stuck two shaped bones — one like a broad arrow, the other like a spearhead. The rest of our men followed from the vessel, asking me what they should do — whether they should get their guns to kill these two — but I persuaded them otherwise, desiring them to be quiet, showing them our inability to defend ourselves from what would follow, but to put our trust in the Lord, who was able to defend us to the utmost.

I walked towards the place where our sick and lame were, the two Indian men following me. I told our people that the Indians were come, and more coming upon us. And whilst these two, having let the men loose, stood with a wild, fierce countenance looking upon us, I thought to give them some tobacco and pipes, which they greedily snatched from me, and, making a snuffling noise like a wild beast, turned their backs upon us and ran away.

We conferred together, and considered our condition, being among a barbarous people, such as were generally accounted man-eaters, believing those two were gone to alarm their people. We sat ourselves down, expecting cruelty and a hard death, unless it should please Almighty God to work wonderfully for our deliverance. In this deep concern some of us were not left without hope; blessed be the name of the Lord, in whom we trusted.

As we were under this deep exercise of mind, a proposal arose from one of us, that if we should put ourselves under the name of Spaniards (it being known that that nation had some influence upon them), it might be a means to our deliverance — one of us, named Solomon Cresson, speaking the Spanish language well. To this the most of the company agreed.

Within two or three hours after the departure of the two Indians, some of our people, being near the beach, returned and said the Indians were coming in very great numbers, running and shouting. About this time the storm had much abated, the rain ceased, and the sun appeared, which had been hid from us for several days. The Indians went straight to the vessel, carrying off whatever they could lay hold on, except rum, sugar, molasses, beef, and pork.

But then the Cassekey (for so they call their king), with about thirty more, came down to us in a furious manner, with a dismal aspect, foaming at the mouth; their weapons were large Spanish knives, except the Cassekey's, who had a bayonet that had belonged to the master of our vessel. They rushed in upon us and cried, "Nickaleer, Nickaleer!" We did not understand them at first; they repeated it often, and at last cried, "España!" — or Spaniard — by which we understood that at first they meant English. But they were answered, to the latter, in Spanish, "Sí" — to which they replied, "No España, no"; but all cried, "Nickaleer, Nickaleer!" We sat on our chests, boxes, and trunks, some on the ground; the Indians surrounded us; we neither stirred nor moved, but sat still and calm, some of us in a good frame of spirit, being freely given up to the will of God.

Whilst we were thus sitting, as a people almost unconcerned, these bloody-minded creatures placed themselves each behind one of us, kicking away the bushes that lay near or under their feet. The Cassekey placed himself behind me, standing on the chest I sat upon; they all had their arms extended, with knives in their hands, ready to execute their bloody design, some taking hold of us by the head, their knees set against our shoulders; in this posture they seemed to wait for the Cassekey to begin. They spoke fiercely among themselves, which we did not understand. But on a sudden it pleased the Lord to work wonderfully for our preservation, and instantly all these savage men were struck dumb, and stood like men amazed, for the space of a quarter of an hour, in which time their countenances fell, and they looked like another people. They left the places they had taken behind us, and came in amongst us, requiring all our chests, trunks, and boxes to be unlocked, which being done, they divided all that was in them. Our money the Cassekey took to himself, privately hiding it in the bushes; then they went to pulling off our clothes, leaving each of us only a pair of breeches or an old coat, except my wife and child, Robert Barrow, and our master, from whom they took but little that day. Having done this, they asked us again, "Nickaleer, Nickaleer?" But we answered by saying, "Pennsylvania."

We began to enquire after St. Augustine, and would speak of St. Lucia, a town lying about a degree to the northward; but they cunningly sought to

persuade us that both lay to the southward. We signified to them that they lay to the northward, and would speak of the Havana, which lay to the southward. These places they had heard of, and knew which way they lay.

At length the Cassekey told us how many days' travel it was to St. Lucia, but did not care to hear us mention St. Augustine. They would signify, by signs, that we should go to the southward. We answered that we must go to the northward, for Augustine. When they found they could not otherwise persuade us, they signified that we should go to the southward, for the Havana, and that it was but a little way. We gave them to understand that we had come that way, and were bound for the northward — all of which they seemed to accept. We perceived that the Cassekey's heart was tender towards us, for he stayed mostly with us, and for the rest of that day kept off the petty robbers who would have had our few rags from us. Some time before night we had a shower of rain, whereupon the Cassekey made signs for us to build some shelter, and we got our tent up, with some leaves to lie upon.

About this time our vessel lay dry on shore, and the Indians gathered themselves together, men and women, some hundreds in number. Having got all the goods out of the vessel, and covered the bay for a great distance, they opened all the stuffs and linen and spread them to dry. They would touch no manner of strong drink, sugar, or molasses, but left it in the vessel. They shouted and made great noise the whole time of the plundering. Night coming on, the Cassekey put those chests and trunks he had reserved for himself into our tent, which pleased us, and gave us hope of his company, for he was now become a defender of us from the rage of the others. The Cassekey went down to the water-side among his people, and returned with three old coats, wet and torn, which he gave us — one of which I had. We made a fire at each end of our tent and laid ourselves down, it being dark; but, hearing hideous noises, and fearing they were not satisfied, we expected them upon us. The chief Indian (the Cassekey) lay in the tent upon his chests. About midnight we heard a company of Indians coming from the vessel towards us, making terrible shouts, and coming fiercely up to the tent; the Cassekey called to them, which caused them to stand. It seems they had killed a hog and brought it; the Cassekey asked us if we would eat the hog. Solomon Cresson, at our desire, answered him that we did not use to eat at that time of the night, whereupon they threw the hog down before the tent, and the Cassekey sent them away. They went shouting to the sea-shore, where there were some hundreds of them revelling about our wreck.

The 24th of the Seventh Month, the 6th day of the week. This morning, having resolved to try for liberty to pass northward, Solomon

opened the matter to the Cassekey, who answered that we must go to his town, to the southward. This led us to press him more urgently to let us go for St. Lucia (this place having a Spanish name, we supposed it under the government of that nation, whence we might expect relief). But the Cassekey told us it was about two or three days' journey thither, and that when we came there we should have our throats and scalps cut, and be shot, burned, and eaten. We thought this was only to deter us, so were the more eager to go; but he sternly denied us, saying we must go to his town.

About eight o'clock this morning the Cassekey came into our tent and sat among us, asking the old question, "Nickaleer, Nickaleer?", directing his speech to one of us in particular, who in simplicity answered, "Yes." This caused the Cassekey to ask whether another person, whom he pointed to, was Nickaleer; he answered, "Yes." Then he said, "Totus" (or all) "Nickaleer," and went from among us, returning shortly with more of his men, and afresh they went to stripping my wife and child, Robert Barrow, and our master, who had escaped until now. Thus were we left almost naked, till the fury was somewhat abated, and then we recovered somewhat from them, which displeased some of them. We then cut our tent in pieces and got most of our clothing out of it, which the Indians, perceiving, took the remainder from us. We men had mostly breeches and pieces of canvas left; and all the company interceded for my wife, that not everything was taken from her.

About noon, the Indians having removed all the plunder off the bay, and many of them being gone, a guard was provided, armed with bows and arrows, with whom we were made to march, a burden being given to every one able to carry it. Our master, with his broken leg, was helped along by his Negro Ben. My wife was forced to carry her child, they not suffering any of us to relieve her; and if any of us offered to lay down our burden, we were threatened to be shot. Thus were we forced along the beach, barefooted.

We had saved one of the master's quadrants, and a seaman's calendar, with two other books. As we walked along the bay, our mate, Richard Limpeny, took an observation, and we found ourselves to be in the latitude of twenty-seven degrees and eight minutes. Some of the Indians were offended when he held up his quadrant to observe; one would have drawn an arrow to shoot him, but it pleased God to prevent them from shedding any of our blood.

One incident I have omitted: two of our mariners, Thomas Fownes and Richard Limpeny, went that morning from our tent down to the bay, where the Indians were, and, viewing them at some distance, an Indian came running upon them with his knife in hand and took hold of Thomas Fownes

to stab him; but Fownes fell on his knees, using a Spanish gesture of submission, and begged not to be killed; whereupon the Indian desisted, and bid him be gone. Fownes, on his return, told us how narrowly he had escaped.

After we had travelled about five miles along the deep sand, the sun being extremely hot, we came to an inlet; on the other side was the Indian town — little wigwams made of small poles stuck in the ground, bent one to another to make an arch, and covered with thatch of small palmetto leaves. Here we were made to sit down, and the Cassekey scratched a hole about a foot deep in the sand, which filled with water; he signed for us to drink, and, being extremely thirsty, we did, though the water was almost salt. Whilst we sat here we saw great fires on the other side of the inlet, which some of us thought were being made ready for us. After an hour, an Indian came with a small canoe from the other side, and I, with my wife and child, and Robert Barrow, were put across in it — the canoe being just wide enough for us to sit in.

We were landed and made to walk to the wigwams, though the young Indians seemed frightened and fled from us. We were directed to a wigwam we later understood to be the Cassekey's, about a man's height at the top. Within sat the Cassekey's wife and some old women, on a low platform made of sticks, covered with a mat; they signed for us to sit on the ground, which we did. The Cassekey's wife, having a young child sucking at her breast, gave it to another woman, and would have my child too, which my wife was loath to allow; yet the woman would not be denied, but took our child and suckled it at her breast, examining it from head to toe, and at length returned it to my wife. By this time another party of our people had come across, and sat down by the wigwam; one Indian brought a fish boiled on a palmetto leaf and set it before us, signing for us to eat, but our distress was too great for us to have any wish for food.

At length our people were all brought over, and the Cassekey arrived; as soon as he reached his wigwam he set to work, got some stakes and stuck them in a row against his wigwam, tied small palmetto fronds to them about three feet high, and laid two or three reed mats down by this shelter — made, it seemed, for us, to break the wind, and he had us lie down there, as many as the mats would hold, the rest on the ground beside. The Cassekey went into his wigwam and sat cross-legged on his platform, with a basket of palmetto berries brought to him, which he ate greedily; after which some Indians came in and talked with him a great while.

Night came on; the moon being up, an Indian who performs their ceremonies stood looking full at the moon, making a hideous noise and crying out, acting like a madman for the space of half an hour, all the other

Indians silent till he had done; after which they all made a fearful noise, some like the barking of a dog or wolf and other strange sounds. After this, one took up a log and set himself down, holding it upright on the ground, while several others gathered about him, making a hideous noise, singing, to our amazement; at length their women joined in chorus, making the noise more terrible still; this continued till midnight. Towards morning there was a heavy dew; our fire being spent, we were extremely cold.

This morning the Cassekey, looking on us with a milder aspect, sent his son with his fish-gig to the inlet to strike fish for us, which was done with great skill; some of us walked down with him, and though we looked earnestly when he threw his staff, we could not see a fish, yet he saw it and brought it ashore on the end of his staff. Sometimes he would run swiftly, pursuing a fish, and seldom missed when he struck at it. In two hours he got as many fish as would serve twenty men. Others were fishing at the same time, so fish was plentiful; but our sense of our own condition stayed our hungry stomachs, for some among us thought they would feed us only to feed themselves.

The Cassekey went this morning towards our vessel; in his absence the other Indians looked upon us very ill-favouredly, which stirred a jealousy of their cruelty yet to come. This afternoon we saw a great fire near the place of our vessel, whereupon we concluded that our vessel and boat were burned, and were almost persuaded that they meant to destroy us. About sunset the Cassekey came home; we spoke to him, and he answered us, and seemed very affable, which we were glad of. Night drawing on, and the wind shifting northward, we moved our shelter and added the mats to break the wind, which blew cold, and laid ourselves on the sand.

About an hour within night, a party of Indians came from the southward, all armed with bows and arrows, and, coming near our tent, some of us spied them, whereupon they crouched down. This seemed a fresh cause for alarm, and we roused those of us who had fallen asleep, bidding them prepare, supposing they had come to further our destruction, or to carry us southward. They sat thus a considerable time; at length they distributed themselves among the wigwams. Thus would danger often appear to us, and almost overwhelm us, but at times we were raised above it, having a secret hope that God would work our deliverance, having preserved us from so many perils.

Sometime before night, Robert Barrow was exhorting us to be patient, and in a godly manner expounded that text of Scripture, "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience," &c. (Revelation 3:10). After which he closed with a most fervent prayer, desiring of the Lord that, whereas he had suffered us to be cast among a barbarous and heathenish people, if it were

his blessed will, he would preserve and deliver us from among them, that our names might not be buried in oblivion, and that he might lay his body amongst faithful Friends. At the close of his prayer he seemed to have an assurance that his petition would be granted; and by this some of us were livingly refreshed and strengthened.

The 25th of the Seventh Month, the 1st day of the week. This morning we again pressed our suit with the Cassekey, that we might go northward for Augustine; his answer was that we should all be killed, but at length we prevailed, and he said that on the morrow we should go. Hereupon he took three Negro men (one of Joseph Kirle's, two of mine) and went up the sound with a canoe.

This day the Indians were busy with what they had taken from our vessel, and would have set us all to work, one at this, another at that; but, not knowing the consequence, we tried to avoid it, and denied their demands. Some of our men did comply, in mending cloth, stringing beads, mending the locks of chests, and the like; whatever they thought amiss, they would set us to mend, though we mostly refused. At this time I heard one of the chief Indians say the words "English son of a bitch," which startled me, for I believed they must have had some of our nation in their possession, from whom they had heard such an expression. I went away from the wigwam much troubled.

This day, being the first of the week, we — having a large Bible and a book of Robert Barclay's — were often reading in them. Being mostly gathered together, Robert Barrow desired our people to wait upon the Lord, and had a word in season for us, after which he went to prayer, all the Indians gathering about us; some of the younger sort mocked, but not to our disturbance — the elder stood very soberly the whole time. After prayer they all withdrew quietly, but some of them, especially the Cassekey's eldest son, took great delight in our reading, and would take the Bible or another book and give it to one or another to read; the sound of it pleased them, so that they would sit quietly and attentively to hear us.

The Cassekey, having been gone most of the day with three Negroes in our boat, came over the bar into the inlet; we rejoiced to see our boat, for we had thought her burned. Our Negroes told us they had gone up the sound with the Cassekey, and landed near where our tent had been; their chief business was to move the money from one place to another, and bury it — this old man would trust our people, but not his own. After that was done, they went to where our vessel had been burned; they launched our boat, into which the old Cassekey put his chests, wherein was our linen and other goods; also they got a small runlet, which they filled with wine from a quarter-cask that had leaked, and brought sugar out of the wreck that the

fire had not consumed. By this time the Cassekey came with the other Negro in the canoe. He told us that on the morrow we should go with our boat — cheerful news to us. All this while, some Indians had been out and brought home some oysters, and the Cassekey gave us some, bidding us take what we had a mind to. A little before night the Cassekey opened his chest and boxes, and his wife came and took what was in them from him; but he seemed very generous to my wife and child, giving her several things useful to her and our child.

Our boat was very leaky, so we sank her in a creek that the water might swell her timbers tight.

The 26th of the Seventh Month, the 2nd day of the week. This morning we waited for an opportunity to get leave to depart, which was granted us. We asked for such things as they did not use — a great glass jar with five or six pounds of butter in it, some sugar, the runlet of wine, and some cakes of chocolate — all of which was granted us, also a bowl to bail water out of the boat. But the Cassekey would have a Negro boy of mine, named Caesar, to which I knew not what to say, but he was resolved on it.

We got down to the water-side and set over all our people who were to travel; Joseph Kirle, Robert Barrow, I, my wife and child, with two of our mariners, went in the boat and rowed along shore northward, though the Cassekey would have had us go with our boat up the sound — we supposed the sound to be a great river, and so were not willing to take his advice, having no knowledge of it, though his counsel proved good, as we found afterward, for ease of passage.

The Cassekey and some other Indians went with our people towards our wreck, we rowing along shore, our boat still leaking so that one person had constant employment bailing out the water.

Just before we left the Indian town, several Indians would have taken the little cloth and rags we had, but, calling out to the Cassekey, he made them let us alone.

Solomon Cresson was greatly in one Indian's favour, who would hardly stir from his wigwam without Solomon at his side, arm in arm; this Indian, among his plunder, had a morning-gown, which he put on Solomon, and Solomon wore it most of our time there; but when we came to depart, an Indian stripped it from him, leaving him only a pair of breeches, and seemed very angry.

It was high noon when we left our wreck (she being burned down to her floor-timbers, which lay in the sand); we set forward, some in the boat, the rest travelling along shore. A little before sunset our people came upon

abundance of small fish that had been forced ashore by the storm, covering the shore for near a mile, of which our people gathered as many as they could carry. About sunset we put ashore to refresh ourselves and take a small respite, and to take my kinsman, Benjamin Allen, into the boat, for that afternoon, in his travel, he had been taken with a fever and ague, and we had much trouble getting him along, he having been sick nigh unto death (first taken the day before we left Bluefields Road) until about a week before we were cast away.

One of my Negroes had saved a tinderbox and flint, and we had kept two knives, by which means we got a fire, though with much difficulty, our tinder being poor and all the wood soaked with salt water; this done, we broiled all our fish, feeding heartily on some, and keeping the rest, not knowing when we should be so furnished again — for which some of us were truly thankful to the God of our mercies.

Having a large fire, many of us got under its lee, and others buried themselves in the sand, hoping to get a little sleep, that we might be somewhat refreshed, and thereby the better enabled — some to travel, some to row — the rest of the night; but the sand-flies and mosquitoes were so extremely thick that it was impossible. The moon shining, we launched our boat — I, my wife and child, the master, Robert Barrow, my kinsman Allen, Solomon Cresson, Joseph Buckley, and the master's Negro went in the boat; the rest travelled along shore. About midnight, or a little after, our people passed by an Indian town; the Indians came out in great numbers, but offered no violence, beyond trying to take from them what little they had; but, our people making some small resistance, the Indians were put off their purpose. The Indians were very eager to have them come ashore, and would have hauled them in, but our people kept off; we were got among a parcel of breakers, and had much ado to get out to sea.

The 27th of the Seventh Month, the 3rd day of the week. This morning, about sunrise, we stood in for the land and looked out for our people, but could not see them; we therefore lay by for two hours, and at length saw them coming along with a great many Indians. When they came abreast of us, the Indians beckoned us ashore, but we refused, perceiving them wickedly disposed — they would be forever snatching one thing or another, at which our people would point to us in the boat; but, finding they could not get us ashore, after some hours they left our people alone.

This day at noon, Joseph Kirle, having his quadrant and calendar, took an observation, finding us in the latitude of 27 degrees, 45 minutes. About one o'clock we saw two Indians with bows and arrows running to meet our people, who, seeing them, at first halted and then retreated; at which the Indians let fly an arrow, narrowly missing one of them; whereupon our

people stopped. The Indians looked strangely at them, but our people went on, the Indians with them, until they reached the Indian town; we saw our people go into the wigwams, but they stayed only a short time, for the Indians were bent on taking those pieces of canvas they had. They got some water and set forward again, the two Indians still following.

About this time we saw a sail to the eastward, which we supposed at first to be a brigantine, and agreed to follow her; but in a little time we saw it to be a canoe with two masts and sails; she stood in for the shore, but as soon as they spied us she bore away, and, seeing we did not follow, stood back to the Indian town. This raised a fear among us that she might land and gather men, then come after us; so we rowed hard and kept an offing for some hours, but, finding they did not come out, we stood towards the shore again.

This day was extremely hot, and we had had no water since we left the Indian town to the southward of our wreck, called Hoe-Bay; we were therefore eager to land, but when we tried we could not, for the seas swelled greatly and rolled in from the eastward, breaking almost a mile from shore. Our master said it was impossible to get ashore alive; but I, being under some inward urging, was desirous to land, and expressed this to the rest; they pointed out the danger, of which I was as sensible as they, yet I could not rest, but insisted on going ashore. The master and men said we should not save our lives; but I prevailed so far that they attempted it, and we were got within half a mile of the shore; but the seas came on so large and hollow that one wave had nearly overwhelmed us — we barely rode over the top of it before it broke. There was then no persuading them to go further, so we stood off, meaning to keep off all night; our people being very weary, and the sun setting, we divided, one half to sleep, the other to watch and keep the boat's head to the sea. The weather looked as though it would worsen, and the sea increased, whereupon I began afresh to persuade them towards the shore; all were willing, but thought it impossible; at length we resolved to venture, and so, committing ourselves to the protection of Almighty God, we stood in for the shore, signalling to our people on land that we intended it. And it pleased God to order it so that we went ashore as though a lane had been made through the breakers, and were carried to the top of the beach, where we got aged Robert Barrow, my wife, and child out of the boat before ever a wave came to fill it — which it did as soon as they were out; but we got our boat clear of the wash of the sea.

The two Indians on shore tried to take off our clothes (which scarcely covered our bodies), but, we not yielding, they would snatch a piece from one and a bit from another, running off with it, then return and do the like

again. These two took from my wife and child what had been given them, which we knew not how to prevent, but bore with patience.

We enquired how far it was to St. Lucia (one of them speaking a little Spanish), and by signs understood it was not far. They signed that when we arrived there we should be put to a most cruel death, but we hoped otherwise.

At this shore, within the land and over the sound, our people said that before dark they had seen two or three houses that looked white, as though plastered with lime, which gave us hope that there were Spaniards there; so we set forward, as the Indians directed, for St. Lucia. They signed that we should come to an inlet of the sea, on the other side of which was St. Lucia. We travelled about four miles and came to the inlet, but saw no settlement on the far side, so resolved to lie there all night. We saw the track of a large bear and other wild beasts, whereupon we set to work getting wood, and then a fire. Abundance of mosquitoes and sand-flies hindered our rest; to remedy this we dug holes in the sand, got some grass, and laid it in to cover ourselves from the flies, as most of us did; but it being extremely cold, and firewood scarce, we had little comfort.

About midnight we sent men to see if they could get our boat off and bring it into the inlet, that we might cross to the other side; they launched her, but the sea was so rough there was no possibility of getting her off, for she was soon swamped, and boat and all were driven ashore again. While our people were gone for the boat, we spied some Indians in a canoe with a torch, fishing; we sent for Solomon (who had gone to launch the boat), expecting the Indians would come, seeing our fires, and we should not know what to say to them; but they did not. Here we lay watching, for no rest could be had.

The 28th of the Seventh Month, the 4th day of the week. This morning, by break of day, we saw a small canoe come from the other side, with two Indians in it, going up the sound fishing. We hailed them in Spanish, and as soon as they heard and saw us, they made for the shore with all speed, and ran to their town. Perceiving they were shy of us, we began to doubt the friendship we had counted on, and counselled our people how to conduct themselves, especially our Negroes. About sunrise we saw the Indians coming in great numbers, with bows and arrows, to the inlet, where, having five or six canoes, they got into them as many as they would hold, others taking to the water and swimming across to us. They came in the greatest rage a barbarous people could show. Solomon began to speak Spanish to them, but they gave no answer until they came ashore some distance from us, and then, running upon us, cried out, "Nickaleer, Nickaleer!" We all sat still, expecting death, and in the most barbarous

manner. Those among us who tried to speak to them could not be heard. They rushed violently upon us, tearing at the few clothes we had; those who had breeches had so many hands upon them that they scarcely touched the ground before being shaken out of them. They tore everything from my wife, and, spying her hair-lace, some were about to cut away her hair to get it, but, like greedy dogs, another snatched and tore it off first. As for our poor young child, they snatched what little it had, as though they would tear it limb from limb. After they had taken all from us but our lives, they began talking fiercely among themselves, foaming at the mouth like wild boars, and, taking up their bows, arrows, and other weapons, cried out again, "Nickaleer, Nickaleer!" Solomon spoke in Spanish, saying we were Spaniards, but they would not hear him, continuing to cry "Nickaleer, Nickaleer," while drawing their arrows to the head. But suddenly we saw them look about and listen, and then desist from their bloody design. One of them took a pair of breeches and gave them to my wife.

We had brought our great Bible and a large book of Robert Barclay's to this place; and, being stripped as naked as we were born, and trying to hide our nakedness, these cannibals took the books, and, tearing out the leaves, gave each of us a leaf to cover ourselves, which we took from them — at which they would deride and strike us, and instantly another would snatch away what the first had given, mocking us the while.

Robert Barrow, with myself, my wife, and child, were put into a canoe to be carried to the other side of the inlet, a furlong across, four Indians paddling. When we reached the other side, within a canoe's length or two of the shore, a number of Indians with bows and arrows came running into the water, some to their knees, some deeper, their bows drawn, crying "Nickaleer, Nickaleer!" without ceasing. The Indians who had brought us over leapt out of the canoe and swam ashore, fearing they would be shot. But at this juncture it pleased God to soften the hearts of some of them towards us, especially the Cassekey's wife and some of the chief among them, who became instruments to intercede for us and stop the rage of the multitude, who seemed not to be satisfied without our blood. The Cassekey ordered some to swim and fetch the canoe ashore; this done, his wife came in a compassionate manner and took my wife out of the canoe, bidding her follow, which we did some distance from the inlet, and stood until all our people were brought over, which was soon done. But the rage of some was still great, thirsting to shed our blood, and there was a mighty struggle among them — some would kill us, others would prevent it, one Indian striving against another. All being got over, we were made to walk along the sea-shore to their town. In this passage most of us felt the rage of some of them, by striking or stoning, and several arrows were shot; but those inclined to preserve us watched those bent on destroying us, and when

some went to shoot, others caught hold of their bows or arms. It was so ordered that not one of us was touched by an arrow, though several of us were knocked down, and some tumbled into the sea; we dared not help one another, but help we had from some of them, made instruments to aid us.

My wife received several blows, and an Indian took hold of her hair and was about to cut her throat, or something like it, his knife near her throat; but I looked at him, making a sign that he should not, and he desisted. At that moment another Indian came with a handful of sand and filled our poor child's mouth. By this time the Cassekey's wife came to my wife, seeing her oppressed, and they pulled the sand from our child's mouth, and she stayed by my wife until we reached the Cassekey's house — about forty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, covered with palmetto leaves top and sides. There was a range of platforms, or a barbecue, along one side and both ends; at the entrance, a passage was made of benches on each side leading to the platforms, on which sat the chief Indians, and at the upper end sat the Cassekey. A kind of debate was held among them for an hour's time. After which Solomon and some others were called to the Cassekey and seated on the platform, where the Cassekey spoke to Solomon in Spanish, though he could not sustain a real discourse. Shortly after, some raw deerskins were brought and given to my wife and our Negro woman, and to us men such garments as the Indians wear — a piece of plaited work of straw, of divers colours, in a triangular shape, with a belt four fingers broad of the same, worn about the waist, the point of the triangle passing between the legs, all fastened behind with a bunch of silk-grass resembling a horse's tail. This was all the covering the men wore, and thus they clothed us.

A place was appointed for us on the floor of the house, where we were made to lie down. But the place was extremely filthy, for all the stones of the berries they eat, and all the nastiness made among them, lay on the floor, so that it swarmed with many kinds of creeping things — a large black hairy spider with two claws like a crab, scorpions, and a numberless number of small bugs. On these mats we lay, the vermin crawling over our naked bodies; to brush them off was like driving away mosquitoes where they are extremely thick. The Indians sat as before, the Cassekey at their head, and the range of platforms was full of men, women, and children watching us. At length we heard a woman or two cry, in their manner, very sorrowfully — one of whom I took to be the Cassekey's wife — which led some of us to think something extraordinary was about to be done to us. We heard a strange sort of noise, unlike any made by a man, and could not tell what it was, nor whence it came, for sometimes it seemed to sound in one part of the house, sometimes another; indeed our ears and eyes perceived nothing but what was strange and dismal, and death seemed to surround us; but time revealed this noise to us. It was thus occasioned: in one part of

the house, where the fire was kept, was an old man with a pot on the fire, making a drink from the leaves of a shrub (which we later understood the Spaniards call cassena), boiling the leaves after parching them in a pot; then, with a gourd having a long neck, a small hole at the top just covered by a fingertip, and a round hole two inches across at the side, he drew the liquor from the pot and poured it into a deep round bowl holding nearly three gallons. With this gourd they brewed the liquor, frothing it a great deal; it was of a deep brown colour. In the brewing of this liquor was made the strange noise, for the pressing of the gourd gently into the liquid, and the air within it forced out through the small top hole, made a sound that varied with the motion given. This drink, when made and cool enough to sup, was carried first, in a conch shell, to the Cassekey, who poured part of it on the ground and drank the rest, then gave a loud belch; after which the cup passed to the rest of the Cassekey's associates — but no other man, woman, or child was to touch or taste this drink — of which they sat sipping, chattering, and smoking tobacco, or some other herb instead, for most of the day.

About noon some fish was brought us, on small palmetto leaves, boiled with scales, heads, and gills, nothing removed but the guts; but our troubles and distress were such that we cared little for food.

In the evening, as we lay in the place appointed, the Indians made a drum by covering the deep bowl (in which they brewed their drink) with a skin, beating it with a stick, and, with a couple of rattles made of a small gourd on a stick with pebbles inside, began a most hideous howling, very tiresome to us; and sometime after came some of their young women, some singing, some dancing — this continued till midnight, after which they went to sleep.

The 1st of the Eighth Month, the 4th day of the week. This day the Cassekey, looking on us pleasantly, made presents to some of us, especially my wife — a parcel of shellfish known as clams, one or two of which he roasted and gave her, showing that she should serve the rest likewise and eat them. The Indian women would take our child and suckle it, for its mother's milk was nearly gone, so that it could get no meal; and our child, which had been at death's door from its birth until we were cast away, now began to be cheerful and have an appetite for food; it had no covering but a small piece of raw deerskin, not a shred of linen or wool to put on it.

About the tenth hour we observed the Indians in sudden motion; most of the principal among them betook themselves to their houses; the Cassekey went to dressing his head and painting himself, as did all the rest. When they had done, they came into the Cassekey's house and seated themselves in order. Shortly after, a strange Indian came in with some small attendance, made a ceremonious motion, and sat by the Cassekey, his

companions seating themselves among the others. After a short pause, the Cassekey began a discourse that held nearly an hour, after which the strange Indian and his companions went to the water-side, to their canoe lying in the sound, and returned presently with such presents as they had brought, delivering them to the Cassekey and those seated by him, to general applause. The presents were some bunches of the herb they make their drink from, another herb used instead of tobacco, and some plaited mats stuffed with moss, to lay their heads on instead of pillows. The ceremony being ended, they all sat again, and went to drinking cassena, smoking, and talking during the strangers' stay.

About noon some fish was brought us; hunger had grown stronger upon us, and the portion given was little more than a mouthful each, which we ate. The Cassekey ordered the master, Joseph Kirle, Solomon Cresson, my wife, and me to sit upon his platform to eat our fish, and gave us some of their berries to eat; we tasted them, but not one among us could bear them to stay in our mouths, the taste being like nothing so much as rotten cheese steeped in tobacco. Sometime after we had eaten, some Indians asked us if we were Spaniards; Solomon answered, "Yes." Then some of the Indians would point to those whose hair was black or deep brown, saying such a one was a Spaniard of the Havana, and such of Augustine; but those whose hair was of a light colour, they doubted, and some said they were no Spaniards.

About the third hour in the afternoon the strangers went away, and shortly after, having satisfied themselves that most of us were Spaniards, they told us we should be sent to the next town, and that there was an Englishman there — we understood them to mean Englishmen of Bristol — with six men and a woman, and that they were to be put to death before we should arrive there. We were silent, though much concerned to hear that report; they also told us a messenger would come to direct us to the next town, and thence to Augustine. Night coming on, they returned to their accustomed singing and dancing.

About the tenth or eleventh hour of the night, before the singing and dancing had ended, a stranger came in, armed with bow and arrows; the Cassekey and his companions entertained him with half an hour's discourse, after which we were suddenly ordered up and hurried away with this stranger, without time to see if we were all together; a troop of young Indian men and boys followed us for about four miles, pelting us with stones the whole way. At length they all left us, except two, and our guide; but we missed Solomon Cresson, Joseph Kirle's boy, and Negro Ben, which was no small trouble to us.

We had not travelled above five miles before our guide stopped us, at some small distance from an Indian town he seemed to belong to, for

Indians came thence with fire and water for him, and made a blaze of fire with palmetto leaves; here we stayed nearly two hours. The flies were very thick, and the night very cold, so that our naked bodies could scarcely endure it. At length we left this place; the whole night following we were troubled by the two young Indians, who at times would abuse one or another of us, singling them out and asking if they were not Nickaleer, or English; if they said no, they would strike them a blow or more with a truncheon they carried, saying, "They were." We travelled all night without stopping from that place.

The 26th of the Eighth Month, the 6th day of the week. After sunrise we came upon the wreck of the vessel we had heard was cast away. She was staved all to pieces, her keelson driven ashore. We saw sugar hogsheads, ginger, and logwood, which led us to suppose she was one of our fleet, and we thought her to be either the *Burroughs* or the *Swan*, belonging to Bristol. A mile or more from there we came to an inlet; our guide told us we must swim over, except my wife and Robert Barrow; but we signified we could not. He carried Robert Barrow, Joseph Kirle, myself, my wife, and child over first, and at length the whole company, for it was a great way across. By the time we were all over, the day was hot, and my wife was quite tired and faint, as were Robert Barrow and Joseph Kirle, whose leg had grown so painful it overcame him. We got under a grape-bush for shelter from the sun; I sent one of my Negroes to seek water for them, but none was to be found; he did get some sea-grapes, which, with resting, refreshed the weak and lame.

Our guide pressed us forward, and we travelled four or five miles further, meeting the Cassekey of this town, commander of the northern part of this coast. He was an elderly man, his beard and hair grey; he enquired for the captain, so our people pointed to Joseph Kirle, whom he went to and embraced; then he asked for our mate, or pilot. This man could speak Spanish better than any we had met, though not well enough to converse, only to ask questions, and we had three or four among us who could manage to answer him, Solomon being kept behind. This old Cassekey seemed to have compassion on us, and said that those who had served us so, stripping us, were rogues, but that we were his friends. He said that in a few days he would carry us to Augustine, and told us of six Englishmen and one woman at his town. We asked if he meant to send them to Augustine, but he shook his head and pointed southward, saying, "Nickaleer no camerade" (Englishmen were not his friends) — words unpleasant to us. These people kept us company until within a mile or two of their town, then went ahead of us. Their town stood about half a mile from the sea-shore, within the land on the sound, surrounded by a swamp of white mangrove trees which hid the town from the sea.

We were directed to the Cassekey's house, large and filled with Indians, and made to sit down. The old Cassekey fetched water and washed Robert Barrow's feet and my wife's; after which he brought canvas and burlap ginger-bags, taken from the other wrecked vessel, which he distributed among us. Joseph Kirle was given a coat taken from the other vessel's people, though torn down the back; my wife had two pieces of sail-canvas given her; I, with others, had a burlap ginger-bag; and they gave a piece of an old linen shirt, the size of a small handkerchief, to cover our child — this was all our clothing. Robert Barrow and my wife were quite spent from travelling barefoot on the hot sand, having bruised their feet, and, with stumps, stones, and prickles, Robert Barrow's feet especially had holes in them one could put a thumb into. We were directed to lie down on a platform.

The other vessel's company were: John Smith, master of the *Nantwich*, a barque out of Bristol, which had sailed from Jamaica with us, with five men and one woman — Andrew Murray, merchant; Andrew Barnes, mate; Hugh Allet; John Osler; John Shears; and Cornelius Toker, two boys, with a woman passenger named Penelope. We found an opportunity to talk with them; they had been cast away the same night we were, their vessel driven ashore by the storm (having been unable to carry sail for two days before). They got into their boat and so ashore, and shortly a great part of their wreck drove ashore too, including a barrel or more of water and some barrels of beef or pork, with their chests and other goods. On the morrow they had planned to travel northward, but Andrew Barnes, their mate, having long been afflicted with a flux that had wasted his body to skin and bone, was unable to help himself, so they left him and travelled a mile or more to an inlet they could not cross; they turned back to fetch their boat, but before they could get away with it they spied the Indians coming, who soon reached them and asked in Spanish what nation they were — Spanish, English, or French? The Indians signed for their clothing, which they readily gave; still they were asked their nation. At first they answered Spaniards, but the natives looked so fierce that they soon answered, "Englishmen"; whereupon every one cried, "Nickaleer, Nickaleer," and eagerly stripped them of all they had, then drove them northward to their town. Andrew Barnes, unable to stand or walk, was left behind, stripped naked, when the rest were driven off. Before reaching the town, the Cassekey gave the survivors some clothing, and no further violence was offered them. They had had plenty of fish and berries until our arrival. John Smith and Andrew Murray had their quarters in the Cassekey's house, with the woman Penelope; the rest of Smith's people lodged in other Indian houses. But on our arrival the old Cassekey told them they must make room for the Spaniards, though Smith and Murray would not move, and the Indians did

not force them out. Sometime after we had been in the house, Indian women came in laden with baskets of berries, mostly palm berries, sea-side cocoa-plums, and sea-grapes.

Of the latter two we could eat, but the palm berries we could not bear the taste of. We laid ourselves on the platform, on the part appointed us; on the other part lay the young Cassekey, or king, separated from us by a chest that stood between. Before night a parcel of large fish, called drums, was brought in; the old Cassekey told Joseph Kirle these were for the Spaniards, and bid him have someone dress them; he also gave us a pot. They were soon dressed, and we ate them. Night having come, the old Cassekey enquired after our losses, which we, as well as we could, made him understand — that in our vessel had been a great deal of clothing and money, which the Indians at Hoe-Bay had taken from us. He understood enough of the matter to grow covetous, and said he would go and get some of it from them.

About midnight came Solomon Cresson in a canoe, with two Indians. The old Cassekey began to examine him concerning our goods, money, and plate, of which Solomon gave a fuller account than we could, which caused him to resolve that on the morrow he would provide men and boats and go down the sound to Hoe-Bay, to get his share from them; he wanted Solomon to go with him, but Solomon refused.

We asked Solomon about his delay, and about Negro Ben and Joseph Kirle's boy; he said he had been kept back by force, but the Negro and the boy were asleep in another house when we were driven away. They had some design in keeping Solomon which he could not rightly understand, but supposed they doubted that we were all Spaniards, for the Indians of St. Lucia had told Solomon that he was a Spaniard, and some others too, but that most of us were not — and that they had robbed Solomon; but Solomon denied it.

The 27th of the Seventh Month, the 5th day of the week. This morning the old Cassekey, with two canoes and ten Indians, went hence for Hoe-Bay; he promised that as soon as he returned he would carry us to Augustine, which he supposed would be within six days, given good weather. But this day the wind turned north-east, and looked stormy; it increased, and towards evening the water in the sound rose and began to cover the land and come into the houses; we had little rain until night, when the wind and rain both increased.

The 28th of the Seventh Month, the 1st day of the week. This morning the wind was violent, with rain; the king's house stood knee-deep in water and rising still. I moved with my wife, child, Robert Barrow, and

Benjamin Allen to an Indian house standing on a hill of oyster shells, where we remained this day. The wind held violent at north-east, and, by reason of much rain, the water rising every hour, the Indians began putting their dried berries into their canoes, seeking to secure them. Several betook themselves to their boats and carried their goods to higher ground, where a place had been made for their Cassekey; but before day the house we were in was afloat, and the Indians wanted to turn us out, offering us an old canoe with a hole in her side, near the bottom, big enough for a man's hand, so that she was full of water — in this they would have had us shift for ourselves, but we were unwilling to go. The Indians signed for us to leave several times; at length, growing angry, they took my kinsman Allen into the canoe and carried him away, returning shortly after for me and Robert Barrow. By this time day had come, the wind and rain still violent. I then saw a house on another oyster-hill the water had not yet reached; I asked by signs if we might go there. The Indians seemed willing, so I got my wife, child, and Robert Barrow there, and we remained. All this day the wind was violent, the rain continued, and the flood held; we imagined the sea had broken in upon the land, and feared we should be drowned. The house was almost blown to pieces, and the Indians constantly retying and mending it. The chief man of this house had his wife suckle our child, for it was nearly famished, its mother having no milk, we having had no sustenance since the storm began — fresh water was not to be had, the land being covered by the sea. The Indians offered us some of their berries, which we tried to eat but could not, the taste being so loathsome and ready to take our breath when we tried them; but we supposed that if the flood continued we should have no more need of water. Yet, being still in health and strength, and hunger growing violent, we kept tasting the berries, though we could get no satisfaction from them.

The 29th of the Seventh Month, the 2nd day of the week. This morning the flood began to rise into this house also; the Indians seemed much concerned. The storm of wind and rain held till about midday, when the wind shifted southward with the rain, but within some hours the flood began to abate.

The 30th of the Seventh Month, the 3rd day of the week. By noon the water had fallen several feet, and I went out to see our people, whom I had left in the king's house; I found them where I had left them. All the Indians had left the house, and our people remained on the platform, about four feet from the floor; the flood had risen within two or three inches of the top of it, and they said they had expected to die there. We began to speak to each other of our hunger and thirst, but there was as yet no help for either; we went to the springs, but they were all as salt as the sea, and we kept tasting the berries, though they were so offensive we could get no

satisfaction from them. We went begging, from time to time, to the Indian women to suckle our child, which they would seldom refuse.

The 1st of the Eighth Month, the 4th day of the week. This day we got some water to drink, but it was very brackish, and at best not very good.

The 2nd of the Eighth Month, the 5th day of the week. This day the young Cassekey returned to his house, with his chests and other things.

The 3rd of the Eighth Month, the 6th day of the week. This day we got a meal of fish, the greatest plenty we had received since we came there. We longed for the old Cassekey's return, and feared the bad weather would lengthen his absence.

The 4th of the Eighth Month, the 1st day of the week. This morning early came a messenger, giving an account that the old Cassekey was within a few leagues of the town, and that we might expect him that forenoon; in time he came in sight, and we all went down to the water-side to receive him. We perceived he came in state, having his two canoes lashed together with poles athwart, forming a platform, which, being covered with a mat, bore a chest belonging to us, and my Negro boy Caesar (whom the Cassekey of Hoe-Bay had taken from me, and whom this Cassekey had got from them). Upon the chest he sat cross-legged, newly painted red, his men poling the canoes towards the shore. Seeing us, he cried out, "Whoa!" and looked very sternly at us. He was received by his people with great homage, holding out his hands, as is their custom, to be kissed; his chest was carried before him to his house, which was filled with Indians. The old Cassekey then began a discourse lasting some hours, giving an account, we supposed, of what he had heard and seen — in which he would often mention "Nickaleer," causing us to fear that all was not well. After he had told his story, and some of the elder Indians had expressed their views of it, they drank cassena and smoked until evening.

When the house was clear, the old Cassekey, looking very displeased, showed us several things he had recovered — a hatchet, a knife, the chest, and other items — asking if they were not ours, which we owned; whereupon he said they were Nickaleer's (or English). We explained that we had them of the English, but our money was Spanish. Towards evening, Joseph Kirle, myself, and Solomon got an opportunity to speak with him; we began to press his promise of carrying us to Augustine. At first he pleaded the hardship and labour of the journey to Hoe-Bay and back, and that he needed rest before going out again; then he told us the way was long and tedious, and that at several places we must haul the canoes overland a great distance; he also named the many towns between there and Augustine — ten in number. But near the end, putting on an angry countenance, he

told us that at Hoe-Bay he had been told that we would claim we were all Englishmen; having said this angrily, he turned from us and went away.

This laid all our hopes in the dust, and we soon perceived the Indians grew suspicious of us, for they would now daily ask if we were not Nickaleer, or English, and would not seem satisfied with a denial. Many days passed, and the time drew near that the old Cassekey intended for Augustine; we applied to him, requesting that if all of us might not go, he would carry some of us; but he said he would carry but one. This set us to debating which of us that one should be. Most favoured me, but Joseph Kirle and I favoured Solomon, because he could speak Spanish well, as none of the rest of us could; and should any other of us have gone and come among those Indians to the northward, who we supposed could speak Spanish well, we should have been discovered to be what those people supposed we were, which might overthrow all our hopes — but Solomon might pass all such objections. These reasons did not satisfy our people, so that some grew angry, which the old Cassekey took note of, telling Solomon that if they made such a fuss he would carry no one; if he did carry anyone, it should be either Solomon, Joseph Kirle, or me. Whereupon we prevailed with him that Solomon might go, and made preparations accordingly. The Cassekey appointed the number of Indians to go with him, and a canoe was sent for, which, when it came, we found had belonged to the English, by its make. This canoe had a great hole near the bottom of the head, with many rents and holes in her; Joseph Kirle and I were required to mend her, which, with much effort, we accomplished, the canoe being much decayed and rotten where the rents were.

The 5th of the Eighth Month, the 1st day of the week. This morning the old Cassekey, with Solomon and six Indians, set out by canoe for Augustine. The Cassekey carried a small chest containing, as some of our people supposed, nearly a hundred pieces of eight, along with other things taken from our vessel. The weather looked likely for rain, which made us fear that, should it turn bad, Solomon would hardly survive to reach Augustine, for he had nothing to cover him except a pair of Indian breeches and a small piece of skin over his chest.

We understood from the old Cassekey that it would be a month, or the next new moon, before we could expect their return; all this time we spent in much trouble and hardship. The weather began to grow cold, and provisions very short — that is, palm berries, cocoa-plums, and sea-grapes (the three sorts before mentioned), the season of these fruits being over, they having no fruit at all until the next spring.

These people neither sow nor plant anything whatsoever, nor care for anything but what the barren sands produce; fish they have as plentifully as

they please, but sometimes they would make it scarce for us, so that a meal in a week was most commonly our portion, and three meals a rarity. After the old Cassekey's departure our hardships increased, especially my wife and child's, for want of food of any kind; my wife's milk was gone, and our poor child was in great want; the Indians now and then would give it suck, but rarely enough to satisfy it, there being one or two women of their own with young children and no milk to suckle them. Our extremity was such that any manner of thing would go down with us — the gills and guts of fish picked off a dunghill were acceptable, the scraps the Indians threw away, and the water they had boiled their fish in, we were thankful for, though never so indecently handled by them. And though my wife had hardly any milk for our child, an Indian woman, lately delivered of a child and having no milk in her breast, asked to suckle her child from my wife, to which my wife consented; and this proved a means of benefit to her and our child, for the Indians would then give her fish, which helped increase the milk for our child.

Many were our trials, both in body and mind, among this people. Sometimes they seemed to bear some ill intent towards us all; at other times they would tell us (though we were nominally Spaniards) how and in what manner those of Smith's company should be put to death. And thus were we daily exercised in sorrow and grievous trouble. Sometimes doubt would arise among us concerning what our end would be, and what manner of death we should pass through; and whosoever these doubts appeared in, it would be hard for another to help with counsel; but some there were whose hope never failed, trusting in the Lord to work our deliverance. One thing seemed more grievous to me and my wife than any other — that if it should so happen that we were put to death, we feared our child would be kept alive and raised as one of that people. When these thoughts arose, they wounded us deeply.

This day, it being the time of the moon's entering its first quarter, the Indians hold a ceremonial dance, which they begin about eight o'clock in the morning. First comes an old man, who takes a staff about eight feet long, painted red and white like a barber's pole, with a piece of wood shaped like a man's thigh, leg, and foot fixed to the middle, the lower part painted black; this staff, carried out of the Cassekey's house, is set fast upright in the ground. He then brings out a basket containing six rattles, which are taken out and placed at the foot of the staff. Then another old man comes and sets up a howling like a great dog, but longer of breath, while making a kind of proclamation. This done, most of them, having painted themselves — some red, some black, some red and black — with their bellies girded as tight as they can with ropes, their quivers of arrows at their backs and bows in hand, gather about the staff; six of the chief men

among them, especially one who is their doctor and much esteemed, take up the rattles and begin a hideous noise, standing round the staff, shaking the rattles and bowing to it without ceasing for about half an hour; while these six are so occupied, the rest stand staring and scratching, pointing up and down and every way, looking like men frightened, or more like furies. Thus they behave until the six have finished shaking their rattles. Then they all begin to dance, stamping violently on the ground for the space of an hour or more without ceasing, in which time they sweat most excessively, so that by the time the dance is over, between the sweat and the stamping, the ground is trodden into furrows, and by morning the place where they danced is covered with maggots. Thus, repeating this in the same manner, they continue until about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, by which time many are faint and sickly; then, gathering into the Cassekey's house, they sit down, having some hot cassena ready, which they drink plentifully, giving greater quantities to the sick and faint than to the others. Then they eat berries. On these days they eat no other food until night.

The next day, about the same time, they begin their dance again as the day before; and the third day likewise, at the usual hour, at which time came many Indians from other towns, and fell to dancing without taking any notice of one another.

This third day they were stricter than the other two, for no woman was permitted to look upon them; if any of their women went out of their houses, they went veiled with a mat.

The 25th of the Eighth Month, the 1st day of the week. This day was a day of plenty for us, for we had as much fish and berries as would serve us two days.

This week we observed great baskets of dried berries brought in from various towns and delivered to the king, or young Cassekey, which we supposed to be a tribute to the king of this town, who is chief of all the towns from St. Lucia northward, as far as this town of Jece.

The 17th of the Seventh Month, the 3rd day of the week. [As recorded] This day a bag of berries, made of grass, was given us, which we ate within two or three days; then we fasted as many days more, before the young Cassekey would give us more.

About this time John Smith and Andrew Murray were sharply seized with a fever and ague; and when the fit of the ague was on them, the Indians would mock and deride them. We well observed that this people had no compassion on their own aged and declining, when they were past their labour, nor on any others among their own who lay under any declining

condition; for the younger are served before the elder, and the elder — both men and women — are made slaves to the younger.

In this place we saw many tokens of some of our nation having fallen into the hands of this people: two English canoes, one of cedar, the other of cotton-tree, like those of Jamaica; several blocks and shives of lignum vitae; several tools and knives; and, more particularly, a razor on whose haft was written the man's name, thus: THOMAS FOSTER. Some of these things looked as though they had been among them several years, some but a few; but we never dared to ask, thinking they might have shown us such things only to test us.

There was a man in this town who, some years past, had been taken off by one of our English sloops, as a diver on a wreck to the eastward of Cuba, where he stayed some time; but the vessel putting into Cuba for water, this Indian swam ashore, got to the Havana, thence to Augustine, and so home to his native town. His greatest grievance against the English was for taking him and his people away — not that he had been ill used among them. This Indian would often call Joseph Kirle, Solomon Cresson, and some of us into his house, seeming very cheerful, asking if we would eat, and asking us the names of the berries, expecting we would call them by the English name (plums); but, perceiving his design, and having learned what the Spaniards call them (*uvas*), we would tell him that the English called them plums. Such discourse we had at times, for he would strive to trap Joseph, Solomon, and me in our words; but he never gained an advantage, for when Solomon was gone, we avoided all his invitations and arguments.

The 31st of the Eighth Month, the 5th day of the week. This day came a canoe laden with fish, and it was free for any who wished to take as much as they pleased. The Indians set us to go and take, it being a kind of scramble among us and the young Indian men and boys; all of us got fish enough to serve us two or three days.

The 1st of the Ninth Month, the 2nd day of the week. This morning, about sunrise, came two strange Indians, who had run so hard that they sweated extremely, from whom we understood that the Spaniards were coming with our old Cassekey — news that surprised us, for we doubted its truth, Solomon having been gone but sixteen days, and we understood they must have made an extraordinarily fast passage to be here within a month. We had not long to consider the matter, for within an hour we heard four muskets discharged, and immediately looked out to see the Spaniards, in their launch, in sight. The Indians were like a people amazed and overcome with fear; we perceived the noise of a gun was terrible to them.

The Spaniards landed, being twelve in number: Sebastian Lopez, commanding ten soldiers, with one Indian interpreter. The Spaniards embraced us very cheerfully, and expressed their gladness to find us alive; but we were not able to converse well with each other, though we had enough Spanish to ask and answer some questions. One of the Spaniards said they could not speak English, nor could we speak Spanish well enough to understand each other fully; the Indians, perceiving this, immediately cried out, "Nickaleer, Nickaleer!" and looked enviously at us, so that, could they have had their will, we believe they would not have suffered us to live many hours; but the Spaniards overawed them.

We received a letter from Solomon, written when he met Captain Sebastian Lopez, signifying the Governor of Augustine's great care for our preservation, of whatever nation we were. But how these men, or the Governor of Augustine, had had knowledge of us, we could not understand, for they had been fourteen days out from Augustine, which was near the time Solomon had set out; they had met Solomon about halfway, and sent him on to Augustine with other guides, while bringing the old Cassekey and his people with them. We observed the old Cassekey seemed much dejected; we supposed the Spaniards had taken from him the money and other things he had carried, or that he was vexed at having been so deceived in taking us for Spaniards.

The Spaniards were extraordinarily kind to us, so that we had occasion to rejoice and thank the Lord for this part of our deliverance by their means. They were also a terror to the Indians, for they searched their houses and took everything they could find that had been ours, down to the stub of a nail — which aggravated the Indians and increased their disaffection towards us, so that we dared not stir far from a Spaniard. The Spanish captain enquired where we had been cast away, and what had been saved from our vessel; we gave as good an account as we could to make him understand, which made him very desirous to go down there; but, looking over a paper repeatedly, which we supposed to be the Governor's orders and instructions, we understood he would not be permitted to pursue that design — besides which, we made him sensible of the danger we should be in should he and his men leave us among this people, who were so bitterly incensed against us.

They asked what had become of the boat belonging to Smith's vessel and to ours; we told them the Indians had taken Smith's boat and sunk her somewhere in the sound, but that ours was at St. Lucia. The Spaniards made the Indians show where they had sunk Smith's boat and help our people raise her, which being done, she was brought to the town; the Spaniards were much pleased with her, and proposed that they, in their

canoe, and our people in that boat, should go to Hoe-Bay, to recover what the Indians had taken from us there — but we would not countenance the plan, being eager to depart from among this people as speedily as possible, since it had pleased God to open a way for our deliverance.

This morning the Spanish captain had the Indians provide two canoes, lashed together at some distance with sticks across, and matted on top; this done, four Indians, Joseph Kirle, John Smith, Robert Barrow, Andrew Murray, Benjamin Allen, Nathaniel Randal, John Shears, Cornelius Toker, Joseph Kirle's boy John Hilliard, and four Negroes — Jack, Caesar, Sarah, and Quenza — were sent away for Augustine, but not one morsel of food, save a very few berries, had they with them, and not one Spaniard to guard them, being put under the charge of those four Indians alone. About an hour after Joseph Kirle had gone, the Spanish captain ordered Smith's boat readied, with two Spaniards and four of our men, to row to where the drift of Smith's vessel lay, to look for logwood or old iron; when they returned there was nothing of value, but our people said that, searching about, they found the bones of Andrew Barnes — his skull and jawbone broken, which led us to suspect he had been struck on the head by the Indians after they drove away Smith and his people.

We told the Spanish captain that Joseph Kirle's Negro, Ben, had been absent ever since the day after Solomon Cresson departed, having gone off with the old Cassekey's wife, though we knew not where. The captain enquired of the Indians where he had gone; they said, for Hoe-Bay; he then ordered them to send for him, saying he would not leave him behind. The Indians said he would be there within a day or two.

The Spaniards continually searched for whatever the Indians had taken from us and others; and when they could find no more, they would offer to buy with tobacco what they could persuade the Indians to bring to light — a leaf, or half a leaf, of tobacco would purchase a yard of linen, wool, or silk from them, such admirers of tobacco are they, esteeming it above any other thing.

An Indian of the town, sometime before the Spaniards came, having a considerable quantity of ambergris, boasted that when he went to Augustine with it he could purchase of the Spaniards a looking-glass, an axe, a knife or two, and three or four "manocoes" (about five or six pounds) of tobacco; the quantity of ambergris might have been about five pounds' weight.

The 8th of the Ninth Month, the 4th day of the week. This day we made oars for Smith's boat out of sticks and the cant-pieces of sugar hogsheads gathered on the beach where the drift of Smith's vessel had

come ashore; and this evening came the old Cassekey's wife, with Joseph Kirle's Negro Ben and Joseph Kirle's boat, which was of great help to us. We worked all this night to fit the boat and oars, meaning to depart as soon as we could finish the job.

The Spaniards had brought little provision with them, so there was not much to spare for us — not above a rove of corn and a little bread from New Spain, so weevil-eaten that it was more grub and dead weevils than bread; still, a handful of it was a welcome gift to us. We would mix it with a little water into a paste, which ate pleasantly enough; but hunger was no stranger to us, and we knew not whether we should have any food on our journey — yet our deliverance seemed to outweigh it all. The Indians would not give us any berries, but our people watched their chance and took one of the Cassekey's bags of berries, holding about a bushel, which was all that thirty-one of us had to depend on.

The 9th of the Ninth Month, the 5th day of the week. This morning, about three hours before day, we departed from this town of Jece. The weather had grown cold, and we had nothing to cover our bodies besides what the Indians had first given us, except my wife, for whom the Spaniards found an old jacket (one of Smith's men's) to wear, and a small piece of cloth to cover our poor child. But it pleased God to strengthen us in this our condition, so that we rowed all this day without ceasing, until three hours after dark, by which time we reached an Indian town. Here we found Joseph Kirle, Robert Barrow, and the others, who had arrived not above an hour or two before us. They had received no sustenance from the time they left us until they got some berries from us, having lain one night of the two in a swamp; but they were as cheerful as men could be in such a plight.

Since parting from us, amid their other hardships, Joseph Kirle had nearly lost his life several times. The first was thus: while the two canoes were lashed together, with a few berries meant to be shared among them, the Irish boy, Cornelius Toker, kept taking more than his share; being often reproved by Joseph Kirle and others without effect, Joseph struck him with the paddle he was rowing with; at which an Indian took up his bow and arrow and was about to shoot Joseph, who seemed little concerned whether he lived or died, saying withal that the Spaniards would justify him.

Another time, when he was spent from paddling the canoe, he asked John Smith, Andrew Murray, and others as able as himself to give him a spell at it, which they refused; being unable to paddle further, he laid down his paddle, and, when the Indians ordered him to take it up, he refused, saying they might kill him if they would, and opened his breast for them to do their will. They seemed as though they would have done it, but after much threatening they desisted.

Another time, the wind being high and the seas rough, they were forced to unlash their canoes, at Joseph Kirle's urging, and go singly, Joseph taking one canoe under his own management, having Robert Barrow, his boy, my kinsman, Nathaniel Randal, and the Negroes in her — which, being thus apart from the others, was more to his satisfaction, though he had none to help him but Nathaniel Randal. My Negro woman Sarah, having beaten and abused a girl named Quenza, was reproved often by Joseph and Robert Barrow, and abused them in an unseemly manner in return; whereupon Joseph struck her with his paddle, at which one of the Indians in the other canoe took his fish-gig and darted at him, narrowly missing.

This morning, Joseph Kirle and those with him were, by the Spanish captain's order, sent away at break of day, without any care taken to give them a little food; and about an hour or two after, we followed, rowing all this day without ceasing until an hour or two into the night, by which time we reached an Indian town, where nothing was to be had but water. About two hours after us came Joseph Kirle's party; the Spanish captain would not let them come ashore, but ordered them to keep on, so that we might reach, by the next night, the place where we must haul our boats overland from one sound to another.

The 10th of the Ninth Month, the 6th day of the week. This morning we set forward very early and rowed hard; about noon we reached a cluster of marsh islands, among which we had to go up creeks, the passage being very hard to find. At length, nearing an Indian town, the Spaniards hallooed, and an Indian came out into the marsh, though very reluctant to come near us; at length he came wading out to be our pilot. We set forward, and within an hour or more reached the place where Joseph Kirle and his party were; the Indians with Joseph would not let them proceed until we caught up. Within half an hour we reached the place where we were to haul our boats overland, about a quarter of a mile from sound to sound, the sea at this place being half a furlong from us. The Spanish captain gave the Indian we had last taken in a piece of tobacco, sending him with all speed to bid his Cassekey and able men come help haul our boats over; but we set to work ourselves and had them over by the time the Indians arrived. The Spanish captain gave the Cassekey a leaf or two of tobacco and dismissed them, only ordering the Cassekey to send some men fishing for him, which they did, bringing before night a fine parcel of fish; but none of our people had any part of it, except my wife and Penelope — what they did not eat, they kept to carry with them.

A little before night a storm of wind sprang up at north-east; it looked to be a dismal night of wind and rain, and we were come to a place with not a tree or bush, nor any manner of shelter, the wind so bitterly cold that we

thought we should not live till the next day. We had no wood for a fire, and knew not what to do, but resolved to try to find some; some of the ablest among us searched along the bay for driftwood and found a little; but rain came with the night, and no shelter was to be had but our boats, which the Spaniards would not let us disturb to turn bottom-up for shelter — which seemed very hard, though they had made themselves some shelter with mats. We were forced to exercise patience, and with what salt-water-soaked wood we had made as good a fire as we could, and lay down on the sand beside it; and it pleased God we had a tolerable night, beyond our expectation, only the cold was very sharp.

The 11th of the Ninth Month, the 7th day of the week. This morning we set forward, but the water was so low that we were forced to wade and thrust the boat along for some miles; at length we got into a deep channel, where nothing was to be seen but marsh and water, no firm land nor trees. About ten o'clock we heard three or four muskets fired a little ahead of us in the channel; our Spaniards presently answered with the like, and in a little time we met. This was another launch, sent to join the one with us, having orders to go to the place where we had been cast away and recover what could be had from the Indians; but this other boat turned back, there being no place to land. Within an hour or two we entered the other sound, where in places the land could not be seen from side to side — as was true of the sound we had come through. About an hour before sunset we reached an Indian plantation — the first place we had seen anything planted — full of pumpkin vines with some small pumpkins on them; but the Spaniards were too quick for us and got most of them, though some of us got a few as big as a fist. We had a fire there, but had not patience to dress them properly, and simply put them in the fire, roasted, and ate them. The Spaniards made a good deal of cookery of their pumpkins. And the launch that had come from Augustine had brought bread, corn, and dried beef, but it was kept from us, except a piece of dried cod the Spanish captain gave my wife, about the size of a stick of sealing-wax, which we treasured up, expecting we should need it more once we left this company.

Here Captain Sebastian Lopez drew up a document and would have had Joseph Kirle and me sign it, which we refused, for we perceived he had a design, especially against me, to oblige me to give him some of my Negroes. We answered him shortly, that I reckoned myself and my Negroes at the disposal of the Governor of Augustine, and we would sign no such paper. We borrowed a pot and boiled pumpkin leaves, having nothing to add but water, which was still satisfying. But this night was more trying than the last, the wind being at north-west; though it did not blow hard, it was very cold, and, lying in an open field without shelter, one side of us would scorch by the fire while the other froze.

Our Negro woman Hagar's little boy, named Cajoe, was seized about two in the morning with convulsion fits, chiefly brought on by the cold and want of food; but help there was none to give. The Spanish captain came to see the child, and, supposing it would die, asked if it was a Christian; he was told, as good a one as could be made of it. He called for some water, put a little on the crown of the child's head, and, crossing it, named him Francisco — an act which pacified the child's father and mother.

The 12th of the Ninth Month, the 1st day of the week. This morning we were to go forward, and the Spaniards were to return to the place where we had been cast away; but our two boats could not carry us all, so the Spaniards' great launch carried part of us one day's journey further, to an Indian town, with four Spaniards accompanying us — three to bring the launch back, the fourth to be our guide onward towards Augustine. We departed, and met an intricate passage, sometimes running aground on oyster banks or shoals, almost out of sight of land. About two or three in the afternoon we had no water to go further, the wind being north-westerly and driving the water out of the sound; but, being near shore where an Indian town had once stood, we went ashore and found some ripe berries on the palm-plums, which we ate eagerly until a storm of wind and rain began to come on, and night drawing near, we all gathered to consider what to do, there being no possibility of shelter here. Our Indian guide said we might reach a town about two leagues off, which we were glad to hear, for it was raining hard. So, with our guide, we set forward, walking over a stretch of scraggy, shrubby hills to the sea-shore, along which we travelled till we reached the town, where we got plenty of berries for our supper. It rained heavily until towards morning.

The 13th of the Ninth Month, the 3rd day of the week. This morning the Indians were unwilling for us to stay any longer, and our guide required us to depart, which we did; a great many young Indian men followed us some miles along the bay, offering violence to Robert Barrow and several others, but they were easily deterred by presenting towards them a rusty musket, and so they left us. We had a rough passage across the land from the sea-shore to the Indian town, the ground being swampy and hilly, which to our bare feet was very troublesome. This was a large town; another large town, about a mile off, was in sight, to which part of our company was sent to be quartered. At this other town, about a twelve-month before, a party of Dutchmen had been killed, who, having been cast away on the Bahama shoals in a flat boat they had built, had made their way here and were devoured by these cannibals, as we understood from the Spaniards; the flat boat itself our people saw. But these Indians seemed kind to us, giving us fish and berries to eat. We remained at these two towns until the next morning; the Indians of the town I was at were not as kind as those of the

other town had been. Some of our people were tempted to sell their few rags to the Indians for fish, but we thought it necessary, between the two extremities, to guard against the cold, for every day grew colder than the one before, and we feared that if much longer exposed to it we should not survive.

The 14th of the Ninth Month, the 4th day of the week. This morning, leaving this town, we embarked in our two boats, and those of our people at the other town were to have a large canoe to carry them thence and meet us in the sound. We rowed several leagues and did not meet them; it being then about ten o'clock, the Spaniard went ashore to travel back by land to look after them. We, being by an inlet of the sea a mile across, were ordered by the Spaniard to cross to the other side and wait for him, which we did for many hours. Here we searched for anything to be had for the belly, some on land, some in the water; the land yielded nothing, but in the water we got a kind of shellfish, called water-soldiers, which we ate. At length the canoe with our people came, but our Spaniard had not yet returned; within half an hour he came with a small canoe. This was the place where Solomon had met the Spaniards. Each canoe had two Indians to pole it, and we had one Indian for our guide, named Juan Antonio, whom the Spaniard said was a Christian, though a native of the town where the Dutchmen had been killed. We set forward in our two boats and the two canoes, and rowed till night, coming to a place of thick woods, which we chose to lodge at; here was wood enough, we made large fires, were pleased with the place, and lay down to rest.

About midnight I suffered a great loss: having a quart of whole berries, and as much again pounded to mix with water to feed our child, the fire being disturbed, the cloth in which our food was kept caught and burned; all was lost, and nothing to be had until we could reach the Spaniards, two days' march at least away. About an hour after this, the wind rose at north-west, and it began to rain; but, having small palmetto growing nearby, Joseph Kirle and I set to work and made a shelter that would hold ten or more of us from the weather. No sooner had we finished than it rained hard. In this shower the four Indians slipped away from among us, taking their canoes, and made off back the way we had come. When day appeared we missed them, and, going to the water's edge, found the two canoes gone. We were now in a great predicament, but the Spaniard said those who could travel best must go by land. Those chosen were Richard Limpeny, Andrew Murray, Cornelius Toker, Joseph Kirle's boy John Hilliard, and Penelope, with seven Negroes named Peter, Jack, Caesar, Sarah, Bella, Susanna, and Quenza; the Spaniards, and the guide Juan Antonio, went with them to direct the way, carrying them overland to the sea-shore and directing them to keep along it northward.

They returned to us, and we, with our two boats, rowed all day without ceasing until sunset; and when we put ashore, the place was an old Indian field, on a high bleak hill, where a large Indian house had stood, now tumbled down; of its ruins we made a shelter against the north-west wind, which began to blow very bleak. The Spaniard went to the sea, not two miles off, to see if our people had passed, and on his return said they had gone by. We asked if they might reach any house or Indian town for shelter, for we supposed that, without fire that night, they could not survive; he said they must travel all night. Night came on; we had fire and wood enough, and had gathered a great heap of grass to lie on, hoping to get some rest; but the north-west wind increased, and the cold grew so violent that we were in a pitiable state, unable to rest, for, standing or lying so close to the fire that it would scorch us, our backs, away from it, were ready to freeze. We had no other way but to stand and keep turning for most of the night; we all thought we had never felt the like. The Spaniard, though clothed, bore it no better than we, who were naked. At length day appeared, and we had to go on.

The 15th of the Ninth Month, the 6th day of the week. This morning we were loath to leave our fires, but stay we could not; so we went to our boats, wading in water that was near to benumbing us. But we pushed forward, and, rowing about two leagues, came to an old house, where the Spaniard told us we must leave the boats and travel by land; we had a boggy marsh to wade through for a mile to reach the sea-shore, and then about five or six leagues along the bay or strand to the Spanish sentry's house. The north-west wind was violent, and the cold such that the strongest among us thought we should not outlive that day. Having got through the boggy marsh and onto the sea-shore, our people, black and white, made all speed, none staying for another who could not travel so fast; none but I, with my wife and child, Robert Barrow, my kinsman Benjamin Allen, and my Negro London (whom I kept to help carry my child), kept together — the rest of our company having gone ahead, not expecting to see some of us again, especially Robert Barrow, my wife, and child.

We travelled on as well as we could; having gone about two miles, the cold so seized my kinsman Benjamin Allen that he grew stiff in his limbs, staggered, and fell, grievously complaining that the cold would kill him. Our Negro, carrying our young child, and my wife and I taking our kinsman under each arm, helped him along; but at length his limbs grew quite stiff, his speech almost gone, and he began to foam at the mouth. In this extremity we knew not what to do; to stay with him, we must perish also, yet we were willing to strive as long as we could. We carried our kinsman and laid him under the bank, not yet dead; I resolved to run after our people, some of whom were still in sight, which I did, leaving my wife and

child, with the Negro, to follow as fast as they could. I ran about two miles, making signs to them, hoping that if they looked back and saw me running they would stop until I caught up. I hoped, could I accomplish this, to get help to carry my kinsman along; but they did not stop, and I ran until the wind so pierced me that my limbs failed and I fell; yet still I strove, and, getting up, walked back to meet my wife. As I went, I met the Spaniard coming out of the sand-hills, and Joseph Kirle's Negro, Ben. I made my complaint to the Spaniard, but, not being able to understand me well, he went on. I then applied myself to the Negro, making large promises if he would go fetch my kinsman; he agreed to go back and try, which he did. At length my wife and child came up with me; she was almost overcome with grief, describing how we had been forced to part with our kinsman, and expecting that she and the child should be next to fall.

Poor Robert Barrow was a great way behind us; I feared we should never see him again. I tried to comfort and cheer my wife, urging her not to let grief overcome her; I had hope that the Lord, who had helped us in many such straits since we came to this land, would help us in this one too, and that, should it please God that we lay down our lives in this wilderness, we might be enabled to do it willingly. Thus striving in a deep exercise of body and mind, we travelled on, marveling at God's goodness in preserving us thus far through so many perils; in the sense of which a secret hope would arise, though mixed with human doubts and fears, that the Lord would yet preserve us. I took my child from the Negro and carried him myself; I had an Indian mat with a slit in it, through which I put my head, hanging over my chest to my waist, and under this I carried my child, which helped to break the wind off him; but the poor babe was black with cold from head to foot, his flesh cold as stone, yet he was not fretful. His mother would take him now and then and offer him the breast, but little could he get from it; and we dared not stop even for that, for if we did we should feel our limbs begin to fail.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we came up with our Negro woman Hagar, with her child on her back, almost dead; and a little further we came upon our Negro girl Quenza, apparently dead, for she was as stiff as a corpse and her eyes fixed, but at length we perceived she still breathed, though she had no sense or motion; we carried her from the water's edge, under the bank. This increased my wife's sorrow, and she began to doubt she could travel much further; but I encouraged her not to give up striving as long as any strength remained. All our people were now out of sight except four, whom we had gained upon; I sent my Negro to overtake them and ask them to slow their pace until we caught up, hoping their company would cheer my wife, but they would not slow, so the Negro stayed back with us. We had lost sight of Robert Barrow by this time. Soon after, we

overtook John Smith, one of the four, who began to fail, and whose companions had left him; he made grievous complaints, which I reproved him for, lest he discourage my wife. The sun was near setting, and we began to look out for the sentry's post, my Negro climbing several of the highest sand-hills to look, but could see no house, nor smoke of fire. This was terrible to us all, for the day had been so cold, and the night would be much more so, and we, a starved people both within and without, were not able to travel without rest; yet if we ceased travelling we should instantly grow numb and unable to move further. In the midst of these doubts, we spied a man, as I thought, standing on the bank at a great distance; I was afraid to speak, lest I be mistaken, but he was soon seen by the whole company, and at length we saw him walking towards the land, which confirmed us; so we returned to the hills to look out, yet could not see the house from there — but from the next hill we saw it. This was joy to us, though we began to feel our own weariness, for our resolve slackened once we had sight of the house.

When we reached the house, we found four sentries, and the Spaniards our guides, with three of our men — Joseph Buckley, Nathaniel Randal, and John Shears. The Spaniards welcomed us, and made room by the fire. The chief of the sentries took a kersey coat and gave it to my wife to cover her, and gave each of us a piece of bread made of Indian corn, which was pleasant to us; after which we had plenty of hot cassena drink. It was dark, and we tried to persuade the Spaniards to go seek Robert Barrow and my kinsman, offering them a good reward, but they did not seem to fully understand me — though I made them understand that my kinsman was almost dead, if not already, and that the old man was in a bad condition. They gave me to understand that the weather was not fit to go out, but that they would watch if Robert should pass by.

About an hour or two after, one of the Spaniards, walking out along the bay, met with Robert and brought him into the house. We rejoiced to see him, and asked after our kinsman and Negro Ben. He said our kinsman had been striving to get up and could not; he had come to him and spoken to him, but he could not answer, only cried out, and he could not help him. Coming further along, at some distance, he met Negro Ben, who said he was going for Benjamin Allen, and so passed by him. Some miles further he had seen Negro Jack, dragging himself down from the bank, his lower body dead, crying out for fire to save his life; but he had not seen the Negro girl, whom we had left off the path.

We were under great concern for our kinsman; the Spaniards we could not persuade to go fetch him, or even carry wood to make him a fire, which, had they done so and found them living, might have preserved them. But we

hoped Negro Ben would bring our kinsman in. The Spaniards wanted most of us to go on to the next sentry's house, a league further, but we all begged hard to be allowed to lie in their house, on the ground, anywhere, for we were not able to travel further; besides, the cold would have killed us, we being in such a trembling, shaking condition, and so full of pain from head to foot, that it cannot be expressed. At length the Spaniards consented that Robert Barrow, I, my wife and child, and John Smith should lie in the house; but to Joseph Buckley, Nathaniel Randal, John Shears, and my Negro London they would not grant that favour. So one of the Spaniards, taking a firebrand, bid those four go with him; he directed them to a small thicket of trees and showed them where to get wood, to make large fires and sleep there.

These poor creatures lay out, and it proved a hard, frosty night. The Spaniard returned and said they were settled in a wood with fire enough. We were silent, but feared they would hardly live till morning.

After they were gone, the Spaniards took a pint of Indian corn, parched it, and gave part to us, which we accepted gladly; they also gave us some cassena drink. We were in such pain that we could not rest; our feet were extremely bruised, the skin off, and the sand caked with blood, so that we could scarcely set them to the ground even after being some time in the house. The night was extremely cold; though we were indoors, and by the fire, we could not get warm, one side scorching while the other froze; and thus we passed the night.

The 16th of the Ninth Month, the 5th day of the week. This morning we looked out, and there was a very hard frost on the ground, so that it was dreadful to step outdoors. Our people returned from the wood, complaining heavily of their hardship in the night. They had not been an hour in the house before the Spaniards charged us all to move on to the next sentry's house. This was grievous to us all, but especially to my wife, who could not raise herself when down; but go we must, for though we pleaded hard that my wife and Robert Barrow might stay until we could get a canoe, we could not prevail. As we were all setting out, one Spaniard signed for my wife and me to stay behind, which we did, and he gave us a handful of parched corn; then he bid us go on to the next sentry's, where there was food enough for us. The sun stood high, but we could feel none of its warmth; the north-wester began blowing as hard as the day before, and, having deep sand to travel through, our one league's journey was very hard, especially for my wife and Robert. The Spaniards lent my wife a blanket, to be left at the next sentry's house.

At length we came to an inlet of the sea, on the other side of which was the lookout and sentry's house. Here all our people sat waiting to be carried

over, and shortly one of the sentries came with a canoe and carried us across.

This sentry would not allow us into his house, but had us kindle a fire under its lee and sit there; about half an hour after, he bid us go on to the next sentry's, a league further, giving us a cup of cassena and two quarts of Indian corn for us all, bidding us join our company at the next house and have our corn ground there.

I learned that our Negro woman Hagar had arrived here late the night before, her child dead on her back, which the Spaniards buried.

One of the Spaniards went with us to the next inlet, carrying a firebrand to set a trash fire as a signal to those on the other side, to fetch us across, the inlet being very wide. When the canoe came for us, our guide took the blanket from my wife, but the Negro who brought the canoe over lent my wife one of his coats, so we crossed; but before we reached the house we had a shower of hail. At this house we were kindly received, having such a meal as we had not had in a long time, most welcome to our hunger-starved stomachs. Our people went on this morning for Augustine, with a guide; but John Hope and Penelope were left here, being unable to travel.

We remained here until the morrow, the night being so extremely cold that we could not rest.

The 17th of the Ninth Month, the 1st day of the week. This morning the Spaniards bid us prepare to travel, saying they were not able to keep us longer. We understood it was five or six miles to Augustine, and we could not travel so far, being all of us lamed and stiff. We asked to go by canoe, but they refused; we pleaded for the two women and Robert Barrow, and at length prevailed that they should go by canoe, the canoe being bound to go whether we went or not.

While this was being discussed, in came a pair of Spaniards, one being the sentry who had gone with our people the day before, the other a man sent by the Governor, with a canoe and four Spaniards, to fetch us. This was cheerful news, for had we been made to travel without a guide we should have perished. The man who came for us brought two blankets, one for my wife, the other for Penelope, and asked us to be going. About a league from the place he left the canoe, which we parted with very unwillingly, for some of our people, had they a mile further to go, could not have managed it. The wind still held at north-west, blowing fiercely, and it was extremely cold; we had such continual shivering and pain in our bones that we were in violent anguish.

Our poor child was quiet, but so black with cold and shaking that it was wonderful he lived. We reached Augustine about two hours before night; being put ashore, we were directed to the Governor's house. Once there, we were taken up a flight of stairs, at the head of which stood the Governor, who ordered my wife conducted to his wife's apartment. John Smith and I were shown into a room, where the Governor asked us a few questions; but, seeing how extremely cold we were, he gave us a cup of Spanish wine and sent us into his kitchen to warm ourselves by the fire. About half an hour later the Governor sent for John Smith and me, and gave us a shirt and drawers, a hat, and a pair of silk stockings, telling us he had no woollen clothes as yet but would have some made. We put on the linen and hurried back to the kitchen fire. Robert Barrow was quartered at another house.

People came to the Governor's house and chose whom they wished to lodge in their own homes; so Joseph Kirle, John Smith, I, my wife, and child lodged at the Governor's house. All our people who had come up with Joseph Kirle came to see us. We saw the great kindness of the people, for they were all clothed from head to foot with the best they had. Joseph Kirle began to tell us of his travels after leaving us on the bay, and how they had all concluded they should never see my wife, child, and Robert Barrow again, nor my kinsman and me. Richard Limpeny and those with him had a hard journey of thirty-six hours without ceasing, in which three of our Negroes who went with them — Jack, Caesar, and Quenza — were lost, sitting down to rest and growing so numbed they could not go on, and perishing there; so that we lost five in that day's travel, and began to fear that Negro Ben had perished too. Joseph Kirle said he had thought he would lose some of our people on the way from the last sentry's post to here, they being so tired and the cold so violent, and, in the latter part of that day's journey, wading for many miles through much water and deep sand-hills; when they came in sight of Augustine, they waited for boats to fetch them, during which time some grew numbed with cold. Joseph Kirle applied to the Governor on our behalf to send us help, doubting whether we were all living; the Governor readily agreed, and sent at once for a man fit for the purpose, charging him to get a launch and a guide and go fetch us straightaway; but the tide had fallen, so he could not go until midnight. The Governor was so concerned that he would not go to bed until they were gone; when the tide served, he went to the water's edge and saw the men off, giving them a strict charge.

Solomon Cresson then told us of his travels from Jece, having had rain most of the way; the Indians were kind to him until they reached the town where the Dutchmen had been killed, where some of them discovered he was no Spaniard. They said nothing of it to him, but were very sullen, giving him no food and making him lie on the ground among vermin. The next day

he was to go on with his former company, who had grown so bitter and envious towards him that they were ready to strike him merely for a look; having gone until about midday, and crossing an inlet in extremely bad weather, with wind, rain, and much cold, they put ashore (this was the place where we had gone ashore and got water-soldiers, and waited for the Spaniard when he went back to look for our people, who were to follow in a canoe); the rage of these bloody people was such that he expected to die. Being ashore, they had readily kindled a fire, at which time he heard the noise of a boat and oars, and presently the Spanish launch put ashore upon them; the Indians were greatly startled and stood amazed, but Solomon was glad to see the Spaniards, and they him. The Spaniards took the old Cassekey's chest and all he had, commanding the Indians to return to the towns they came from. Staying the night, the Spaniards the next morning sent Solomon under the escort of two Indians belonging to those towns, ordered to carry him to the sentry's house; but these two carried him a little beyond the place where we had gone ashore to travel, and seemed to have mischief in their hearts against him. He asked if they would go on, but they, looking sullenly at him, gave no answer; so he went on alone, glad when he saw they did not follow.

But we were curious how the Spaniards had come to know of us, which it seems was thus: when we reached Jece, where Smith and his company were, and we going under the name of Spaniards, and the others as English, the report of us ran from Indian town to Indian town northward, to the northernmost town, where lived two or more Indians converted to the Roman faith. One of these went to the nearest Spanish sentry post and reported he had heard that two vessels had been cast away to the southward of Jece, one being a Spaniard, the other an English vessel; and, the Spaniards having two vessels then bound for the Havana for supplies, they feared it was those. And the same day this news reached the Governor of Augustine, came also news of one of their friars being murdered by some of the Ays Indians. The matter, as we understood it, was this: three friars, under a vow to go among the Indians of the Ays and convert them, had gone to a certain town to the northward of where we were cast away, though it lay within the sound. The Cassekey of this town they had won over to embrace the Roman faith, but his people were much incensed against the friars, and would have had their Cassekey renounce his new faith and put the friars to death; he would consent to neither, so they killed him and one friar, the other two escaping. Hereupon a launch had been sent forthwith for us, whatever our nation might be, and a party of Spaniards and Indians sent against the town where the friar had been killed.

We had a plentiful supper, and fed like people who had been half starved, eating without knowing when we had had enough; and we found our palates

so changed by the berries that we could not taste the saltiness of salt any more than if it had none in it. We had lodging provided, though few beds.

The 18th of the Ninth Month, the 2nd day of the week. This morning we had ice half an inch thick, and it had been so for some mornings past, though it melts as the sun rises.

The Governor came to our apartment this morning, asking how we did; we, having had chocolate for breakfast, he asked if we would have anything else his house could provide, only to ask for it; but we modestly answered that this was sufficient, though our appetites were not truly satisfied. The Governor described to us the poverty of the country. The place is a garrison, maintained half by the King of Spain and half by the Church of Rome. The male inhabitants are all soldiers, each receiving pay according to his post; a sentry's pay is 150 pieces of eight a year; and all their supply of bread, clothing, and money comes from the Havana and Puerto Bello, and it had been nearly three years since they had had a vessel from anywhere, which made their want very great — everything being spent, except ammunition and salt, of which they said they had enough.

The Governor offered us the freedom of his house, but warned us to be careful going abroad, especially of some persons not well disposed towards our nation; we promised to be guided by, and submit to, the Governor's pleasure for our liberty. Our people came in, and we told them of this caution, but they said they had been all over the town, and in many houses, where they were kindly received, and such as the people had, they gave freely. They told us of some English who lived there, the chief in esteem being one William Carr, of the Isle of Ely, who, about thirty years before, had been aboard a vessel bound for South Carolina, but, missing their port, was cast away near this town; many were drowned, but he and some others were brought here by the Indians, some later escaping in Spanish vessels, others dying here. This man had turned Roman Catholic and married a Spanish woman, by whom he had seven children, and was an officer in the garrison — our chief interpreter.

This day came Joseph Kirle's Negro, Ben, who gave us this account: that after we had sent him back, and he, not finding my kinsman, had gone to seek shelter from the cold, finding a place to creep into, where he lay all night, but by morning was so stiff with cold he could not use his legs, and hauled himself towards the bay. The Spaniard, our guide from the first sentry's house, the morning after we had left, went back along the bay to see if any of our people still lived, but found all dead except Negro Ben; getting a fire made, Ben recovered and regained the use of his limbs.

William Carr, the interpreter, told us that the Governor and two royal officers would examine us concerning our being cast away, and what goods and money were lost in our vessel, and concerning our hardships among the Florida Indians; this was done, and each of us signed it, which took two or three days to complete. After this was done, the Governor told us he expected Captain Sebastian Lopez within a few days, and after his arrival would provide for our going to Carolina, with canoes and men to guard us.

This week my wife was taken with a fever and ague, which held her three days and then left her. The Governor ordered his own doctor to give her whatever might help. The Governor's kindness to us all was extraordinary, for he daily enquired if we wanted anything he had, which he then gave us — we ate no worse than he did daily.

We saw the town from one end to the other; it is about three-quarters of a mile in length, not regularly built, the houses not very close together, having large orchards with plenty of oranges, lemons, pomecitrons, limes, figs, and peaches. Most of the houses were old buildings, less than half of them inhabited. The number of men belonging to the garrison was about three hundred, many of them kept as sentries at their lookouts. At the north end of the town stands a large fortification, a quadrangle with four bastions, each bastion able to hold thirteen guns, though not two-thirds of fifty-two were mounted; in the curtain walls they mount no guns, these being only for small arms. The wall of the fortification is about thirty feet high, built of sawn stone gathered from between the sea and the sound — a stone made only of sand and small shells bound together, not very hard until exposed to the sun. The fort is moated round; they would not let us near it, but Joseph Kirle took the chance to walk all the way round it.

The 22nd of the Ninth Month, the 2nd day of the week. This day Joseph Kirle and I, considering that the latter part of this week was spoken of for our setting forward towards Carolina (which the Spaniards call St. George's), resolved to try to provide ourselves, if we could, with clothing, considering we should be exposed to all weathers with no shelter but what we carried. We were therefore inclined to sell — he his Negroes, I one or two of mine — to provide clothing and provisions. We applied to the Governor, offering him first choice of my Negroes, but he declined our offer. We stated our situation and asked if we might dispose of our Negroes; he said no, we could not, nor could we sell them to anyone but himself, for the King's account, without a special licence; he would therefore consult the two royal officers and give us his answer.

The 23rd of the Ninth Month, the 3rd day of the week. This day the Governor sent for us and told us he would extend us credit for whatever we and the rest of the company needed. I told him my wife and child would

want some warmer clothing, and that Joseph Kirle and I would want some too, if it could be had. He ordered us to give an account of what we needed, and, if to be had, we should have it; and Joseph Kirle and I were to sign an obligation to pay the Governor of Carolina the sum it amounted to, which we were willing to do. But we asked that our people give us their own obligation for what we were engaging on their account, which the Governor thought reasonable. I gave in an account of particulars for Joseph Kirle, Robert Barrow, myself, and my family; also the quantity of Indian corn, peas, dried beef, salt, and earthen pots for the whole company. But clothing was not to be had, except enough cloth for a suit for my wife and child, and a few skins Joseph Kirle and I obtained; I also got seven blankets, though the price was steep. These served Joseph Kirle, Robert Barrow, myself, and family. We had five roves of ammunition-bread, so full of weevils that plain corn was far better; twenty roves of dried beef; sixty roves of Indian corn; ten roves of peas; one rove of salt; jars for water; and earthen pots to boil our food in.

The 24th of the Ninth Month, the 4th day of the week. The Governor sent for Joseph Kirle and me, to certify that all that could be got, he had got for us; and he further signified that he had expected Sebastian Lopez before this, and would not have us go until he came, for whatever he could recover of our money and goods we should have to the last bit. But we said we did not wish to be detained on that account, for we had already given it up as gone from us; and, as it had pleased God to make them the instruments of our preservation, we would freely give whatever was, or might be deemed, ours to the Governor and those who had fetched us. The Governor said he would have nothing to do with it, for whatever he had done was for charity's sake. We then asked that the soldiers should have it, if any should be recovered, which we doubted; and, considering that those poor men might get nothing, we thought we ought to allow them something in general: Joseph Kirle and I therefore offered the Governor that we would give Captain Sebastian Lopez and his men a hundred pieces of eight, for bringing us up from among the Indians. The Governor was pleased with our offer and said they should have it.

About this time, Robert Barrow was taken with a grievous belly-ache, after which he fell into a violent flux. Several of our people were also taken with the belly-ache and a great scouring, chiefly brought on by our unrestrained eating, and not governing ourselves in it. Our chief diet was hominy, herbs, and pumpkins, with little meat — a plain diet that was in fact our preservation, for had it been all flesh we should have destroyed ourselves; but we had the best the place afforded.

The 26th of the Ninth Month, the 6th day of the week. This day we signed our obligation for four hundred pieces of eight, and were to leave on the 28th or 29th; after which our people signed their obligation to us, to pay their share of what had been provided for them in provisions, and their part of the passage-cost from the Indians to Carolina. We then made the best provision we could; I got some wine and brandy for myself and family, and some small necessaries for our child, resolved to see it through.

The 27th of the Ninth Month, the 1st day of the week. This day, after we had dined, canoes being made ready, one Captain Francisco de Roma, with six soldiers, was to be our escort; the Governor walked down to see us embark, and, taking his leave, embraced some of us, wishing us well, saying, "We should forget him when we got among our own nation." And he added, "That if we forgot, God would not forget him." Thus, in courteous manner, we parted, about two or three o'clock in the afternoon. Taking our departure from Augustine, we had about two or three leagues to an Indian town called St. Croix, where, being landed, we were directed to the Indian storehouse. It is built round, with sixteen sections, each with a cabin, painted, holding two people; the house being about fifty feet across, with a square opening about fifteen feet wide in the middle of the roof. This house was very clean, and fires being ready made near our cabins, the Spanish captain chose cabins for himself and his soldiers, and appointed us ours. In this town they have a friar, and a large house of worship, with three bells; the Indians attend their devotions as constantly as any of the Spaniards. Night having come, and their devotions over, the friar came in, and many of the Indians, men and women, held a dance in their manner. We had plenty of cassena drink, and such food as the Indians had prepared for us — some bringing boiled corn, another peas, and so on — of which we made a good supper, and slept till morning.

The 30th of the Ninth Month, the 2nd day of the week. This morning, early, we left this town, having about two leagues to go by canoe, and then to travel by land; a cart had been provided to carry our provisions and necessaries, in which those unable to walk were carried. We had about five leagues to a sentry's house, where we lodged the night, and the next morning travelled along the sea-shore about four leagues to an inlet. Here we waited for canoes to carry us about two miles to a town called St. Juan's, an Indian town on an island. We passed through a strip of woods into the Indian plantations for a mile. In the middle of this island is the town of St. Juan's, a large town with many people; they have a friar and a house of worship. The people are very industrious, keeping plenty of hogs and fowl, and large crops of corn, as we could tell by their corn-houses. The Indians brought us food, as at the last town, and we lodged in their storehouse, larger than the one before.

The 2nd of the Tenth Month, the 4th day of the week. This morning the Indians brought us food for breakfast, and the friar gave my wife some loaves of bread made of Indian corn, a welcome novelty, as well as a parcel of fowls.

About ten in the forenoon we left St. Juan's, walking about a mile to the sound, where canoes and Indians waited to carry us to the next town; we believed we might have come the whole way by the sound, but the Spaniards were unwilling to reveal that route to us.

An hour before sunset we reached the town called St. Mary's — a frontier and garrison town, its inhabitants Indians with some Spanish soldiers. We were led to the storehouse, as is the custom, for every town has one; or, as we understood, these houses serve for their times of mirth and dancing, and to lodge and entertain strangers. This house was about 81 feet across, built round, with 32 sections, each about eight feet long and of good height, painted and well matted. In the centre of the building is an open square, twenty feet across, open to the sky, around which the house is built; in this square they dance, with a great fire in the middle. One of the sections serves as the gateway or entrance. The native women of these towns clothe themselves with the moss of trees, making gowns and petticoats of it, which at a distance, or by night, looks quite neat. The Indian boys we saw were kept to school in the church, the friar being their schoolmaster. This is the largest town of all; about a mile from it is another town called St. Philip's. At this town of St. Mary's we were to stay until the 5th or 6th of the month, where we were also to receive our sixty roves of corn and ten roves of peas. While we stayed, we had half our corn ground into meal by the Indians, keeping the rest whole, not knowing what weather lay ahead — for the friar of this town, some years past, had been to Charles Town, in South Carolina, and had had a month's passage going, at this time of year. This news was unwelcome, to think of lying out a month in this season, having been so weather-beaten already; but we tried to shun looking back, considering how great our deliverance had been thus far.

While we stayed here, we made what provision we could for back and belly: we got plenty of garlic and long pepper from the Indians to season our corn and peas, both of which were griping and windy, and made ourselves wooden trays and spoons to eat with. We also got rushes and made a kind of plaited rope of them, chiefly meant to help us build huts or shelters at such times as we should meet hard weather.

As the time drew near for us to leave this town, we had seven large canoes provided to carry us, being in all about sixty persons — eighteen of us, six of Smith's company, seven Spaniards, and thirty-odd Indians, who were to row the canoes and act as our pilots. We had Indians from all the

towns, and two Cassekeys with us. We understood that the Carolina Indians, called the Yamasee, related to these Indians, had been here about a month before, trading for deerskins.

I have omitted a notable incident that happened at Augustine: the woman named Penelope, being with child, stayed behind with the Spaniards at their persuasion; and Joseph Kirle's boy, John Hilliard, was also retained by them. Joseph Kirle strove hard with the Governor to have his boy back, but the lad had been sent out of town and could not be found. The Governor promised he would send him after us if possible, but the boy never came, and we were to depart the next morning.

The 4th of the Tenth Month, the 1st day of the week. This morning we embarked and left this place, putting in at the town of St. Philip's, where the Spanish captain invited us ashore to drink cassena, which we did; the Spaniards having left something behind, we stayed here about an hour and then set forward. About two or three leagues on, we came in sight of an Indian town called Sapelo, but passed about a league to the northward of it, to a sentry's house, where we put our boats ashore and had cassena brought us; without further stay, we went on, rowing until the next morning — in the night we lost our way, but found it again in a little time.

The 5th of the Tenth Month, the 2nd day of the week. This morning we put ashore, having passed an inlet of the sea, and here dressed some food and got a little sleep until the tide served. Some of our Indians went out hunting deer and hogs, of which the Spaniards said there was plenty; and, when the tide served, we were to go to the northernmost end of this island and wait for the hunters. One of the Indians brought in a deer, which he threw down among the others, then went out again to hunt, towards the north end of the island, where we were to rendezvous that night. We set forward about ten o'clock, and reached the appointed place an hour or two before sunset, it being a fine tall wood; we occupied ourselves getting firewood for the night and moss to lie on, of both of which we got plenty, having a large oak to lie beneath.

The Indians brought in several hogs and deer, of which we had our share, so that we fared well; having a pleasant night's rest, we rose to be off about an hour before day.

The 6th of the Tenth Month, the 3rd day of the week. This day, having rowed from the last place until two hours before sunset, we came ashore at a place where an Indian settlement had once stood, on a high bank giving a view of the sound. Here we busied ourselves fetching bushes to shelter against the wind and dew of the night, cutting dry grass to lie on, and gathering wood from some distance — but we were resolved to have it,

if labour would win it. Those not employed in these tasks were preparing water and food, for we always had enough to do. We had a pleasant night, and rested well.

The 7th of the Tenth Month, the 4th day of the week. This morning, about sunrise, we saw a canoe of Carolina Indians heading southward on a hunt; they kept to the western side of the sound, being wary of us. We sent a canoe manned with Indians and Spaniards after them, hoping to persuade them to carry letters ahead announcing our coming, not knowing but that we might otherwise alarm the outlying settlements of Carolina.

Our canoe pursued the other, but the Carolina Indians put ashore, ran into a marsh, and fired at our people; the Spanish Indians, who could speak the Yamasee language, called to them and explained our business, urging them to come to us; but they answered that they were out hunting for the season and wished to be left alone, and would not come near. So our people returned to us. The Carolina Indians went their way, and we prepared to go on. We had had the Cassekey of St. Juan's with us, and had sent him ahead the night before to try to meet some of the Yamasee Indians of Carolina, to whom he was known and related; but this canoe had passed him by. We set forward and rowed all day, until about an hour before sunset, then put ashore at an Indian field overgrown with sedge, being low, wet land; here we made our usual provision for lodging, spending the night in a wood, having dressed food for that time and the morrow, and, having fared well that night, we left before or at daybreak.

The 8th of the Tenth Month, the 5th day of the week. This day, about ten o'clock, we crossed an inlet, but, the tide being against us, put ashore at an old Indian field. Here, under the shelter of some trees, was the Cassekey of St. Juan's; we stayed and drank some cassena — there was an abundance of rabbits, but we did not linger. Within two hours the Cassekey was sent ahead to scout, and we followed, rowing until an hour before sunset, by which time we reached the place called St. Catalina, where there had once been a great settlement of Indians, the land having been cleared for planting over some miles. Here we also met the Cassekey, and a canoe of Carolina Indians — a man, his wife and children, with his dogs and other hunting gear, out for the winter season. The Spanish captain, through his interpreter, spoke with him about carrying our letters, which he readily agreed to; whereupon the Spanish captain set himself to writing to the Governor of Carolina.

We had a large field to lie in, with no shelter nearer than a mile or more; but we spared no effort — some cutting boughs and brush at that distance, some carrying it to the site, some fetching firewood — so that by night we had a fine shelter.

The Spanish captain had me write to the Governor of Carolina, which I did, and also to an acquaintance of mine there. The letters finished, and night coming on, I delivered them to the captain and returned to my company. By this time they had finished our shelter, which we thought sufficient if no rain fell. We prepared our food for supper and for the next day's travel, and some dry grass to lie on, hoping to rest well that night. About ten at night, the Carolina Indians set off with our letters for Carolina.

The 9th of the Tenth Month, the 6th day of the week. This morning, about two hours before day, we had a gust of wind from the north-west, and the sky grew overcast, looking as though we should have a great deal of rain. Before long the rain fell, against which we had no shelter but our blankets; it held until daybreak, when the north-west wind began to blow violently hard and cold. Our shelter faced the north-west, so we set to work shifting it and gathering more boughs, brush, and grass — the grass to fill and raise a bank of earth some three or four feet high, to break the wind. All this day we spent enlarging our shelter and gathering firewood; the north-west wind blew extremely hard, and this night was hard, we getting but little rest, the cold pinching us.

The 10th of the Tenth Month, the 7th day of the week. This day the wind continued without ceasing. We mended what the fire had disturbed in the night, and heaped more earth on our shelter, enlarging it further, for we were not idle by day in providing for the night, which pinched us with cold — especially aged Robert Barrow, who, having a violent flux that had held him since Augustine, and the cold now bearing on him too, could get no natural rest; he was extremely racked with cold, so that in this hardship we could get no warmth into him, though he bore it contentedly, receiving little benefit from our poor efforts. This day, from time to time, we went out for wood across a long open field, the cold nearly numbing us before we could return to the shelter. This evening the wind eased somewhat, and we hoped it was over, but it blew fiercely again in the latter part of the night.

The 11th of the Tenth Month, the 1st day of the week. This morning the wind had eased a little, and the sun gave a little warmth. Joseph Kirle borrowed a gun, powder, and shot from the Spaniards and went to try for wild geese or other game, but had no success, returning empty-handed; we were content with a dinner of Indian corn and dried beef. The Spanish Indians hunted all these three days and killed several deer, but ate them as fast as they killed them, having little other provision, their corn being spent.

The latter part of this day the wind grew moderate, and we hoped to set off the next morning, so we made ready for the next day's travel.

The 12th of the Tenth Month, the 2nd day of the week. This morning we embarked and set forward, having fair weather and the wind down; we rowed all day until three o'clock, coming to a great inlet of the sea, but the weather looked as though we should have wind and rain, and to cross the inlet — about two leagues over, with little wind to prevent a rough sea — would be dangerous; so we put ashore, it being high land and tall woods, mostly pine and live oak. Here we made all haste to get shelter against the weather. The Indians set to building themselves little huts, or wigwams, which they had not done before now; they got small palmetto leaves and covered their shelters, but ours were mostly covered with boughs, which would not keep out much rain. By night we had a great deal of rain and wind. It being the eve of the Spaniards' Christmas, they performed some of their customary ceremonies, tinkling on a piece of iron and singing, begging for something for the day following; they begged of the Indians, and the Indians in turn begged of the Spaniards, and whatever the Indians gave the Spaniards was given back to the Indians.

The 13th of the Tenth Month, the 3rd day of the week. This morning was very foggy, and proved a rainy day; but we kept rowing until two in the afternoon, the rain being hard and the wind increasing from the north-east. We put ashore, but the captain told us we should not stay here long, meaning to go further, and, weather permitting, all night if need be; but the weather looked likelier to worsen than improve, and we sat in the rain until night came, when we begged the captain to let us stay the night and prepare against the weather; but he thought the weather would clear, and meant to press on — though there was no sign of it. The rain increased, and we were all wet and starved with cold; at length he agreed to stay. Then, it being night, we were hard put to provide shelter, but worked in the dark until we had made one that kept the rain off. Having fires, we took off our wet clothes and dried them as best we could. Towards morning the rain broke.

The 14th of the Tenth Month, the 4th day of the week. This morning, at sunrise, we set forward and rowed until noon, when we came to an inlet and put ashore; there we stayed the rest of the afternoon, drying our blankets and whatever had not dried the night before, and also dressed food. As soon as it was dark we went on, meaning to row all night; but, having an intricate passage among marshes with many creeks and channels, we sometimes rowed the wrong way, then had to turn back and try another. About midnight our pilots were at a loss, not knowing which way to go, nor where to find dry land to put ashore on; but three of our boats rowed on until we found a dry hummock to land on, where we lay until day, keeping good fires. As soon as it was light we took our boats and went to find the

rest of our company, whom we found with their canoe made fast to the sedge, sitting in it until we came to them.

The 15th of the Tenth Month, the 6th day of the week. The night had been extremely foggy, and so was this morning; but we searched about and found our passage, a little channel just wide enough for our boats, a mile in length. Having passed this, we entered a great sound leading down to a large inlet where the land could not be seen from one side to the other. Into this sound flows a great river, called the Savannah River, and, when we entered its course, the water was fresh even within this great sound; the Spaniards called it the Cross Bar, or St. Croix. About noon we crossed this sound, and here rowed out to sea for two leagues to reach another sound. About three o'clock the wind began to blow from the north-east, and looked very black, so that we feared a storm; we wished to land and prepare against it, but the captain said that a few leagues further we should be near Port Royal. In the meantime we spied a canoe on the shore, and, making for it, found some Indian wigwams; here we went ashore. This canoe, laden with skins, belonged to merchants at Carolina, and had four Indians with her, but three had run off, fearing the Spaniards, and one stayed.

The Indian wigwams were in poor condition, not fit to keep out the weather, so we set to work mending them; there was plenty of palmetto leaves, with which we covered and enlarged them; but the storm of wind and rain came on violently before we could finish, and held all night — yet we lay reasonably dry, though the storm was very great.

The 16th of the Tenth Month, the 5th day of the week. This morning the storm continued from the north-east, with rain; expecting to stay some time here, we enlarged our wigwams further, fearing a north-wester, which, about ten o'clock this day, began to blow fiercely, with snow, for some hours. The wind was so violent we feared the tall pines might blow down upon us. We sent the Carolina Indian out to bring in his three companions, but they would not come. The Spanish Indians made great complaint for food; we gave them four roves of corn among them, being unwilling to spare more, not knowing how long we might be held here by the weather.

Some of our people had already eaten nearly all their share, and we expected, should we be much longer delayed, that we would have to supply them from what we had to spare.

The 17th of the Tenth Month, the 1st day of the week. This day the wind continued at north-east, extremely cold, but we, in our wigwams, were kept reasonably warm. About noon our mariners' wigwam caught fire and burned; being the leewardmost of our eight wigwams, no others were endangered. We understood we were not more than two or three days'

journey from the English settlements, though the Spanish Indians told us it was further, until we were better informed by a sailor who belonged to that place.

The 18th of the Tenth Month, the 2nd day of the week. This day, early, we set forward and passed Port Royal Sound, some leagues across, and about two in the afternoon put ashore, the tide being against us; here was a close wood, where we passed the night reasonably well.

The 19th of the Tenth Month, the 3rd day of the week. This morning, early, we set forward and rowed all day until one in the afternoon, when we reached the first settlement in Carolina, belonging to one Richard Bennett, who received us kindly and provided plentifully for us with good food and drink, showing the Spaniards all the kindness he could, for our sakes — which the Spaniards gratefully acknowledged. We stayed here all night.

The 20th of the Tenth Month, the 4th day of the week. This morning, having eaten and drunk plentifully, we set off in company with some of the inhabitants, about ten o'clock, and rowed until two hours into the night, passing several plantations, and put ashore on a point of land to wait for the tide, sheltering in a wood and keeping good fires; we stayed until midnight, when we went on, rowing until an hour or two before day, by which time we reached Governor Blake's house.

The 21st of the Tenth Month, the 5th day of the week. This morning, when the Governor rose, he sent for Joseph Kirle, John Smith, Andrew Murray, and me, enquiring about our passage, and on what account the Spaniards had come with us. We gave him an account of the Governor of Augustine's generosity towards us, and that he had sent us freely, without demands, except what we had freely contracted for. The Governor sent for the Spanish captain, and received the letters sent from the Governor of Augustine, along with our obligation, which he accepted. The Governor showed us a great deal of kindness, and enquired into all our conditions. Robert Barrow he sent to his neighbour, Margaret Bammer, who, he said, would nurse him carefully; she was an old Friend, about two miles off, and he was sent there on horseback. The Governor clothed Joseph Kirle, John Smith, Andrew Murray, me, my wife, and child; to the rest of our people he gave each a duffel blanket, to keep them warm, and plenty of food and drink was provided. We obtained the Governor's leave to allow the Spaniards to go on to Charles Town with us, being willing to reward them according to our means.

The 22nd of the Tenth Month, the 6th day of the week. This day, in the afternoon, Joseph Kirle, John Smith, my wife, and child went to

Margaret Bammer's, where Robert Barrow was, staying the night, until the Spaniards called for us the next morning, as they came by water.

The 23rd of the Tenth Month, the 7th day of the week. This morning we went on with the Spaniards for Charles Town, arriving about an hour within night.

The gentlemen of the town appointed a reputable public house to entertain the Spaniards with meat, drink, and lodging, to the Spaniards' great satisfaction; they stayed eight days. We gathered our people together and agreed jointly to give the Spaniards a hundred pieces of eight, which Joseph Kirle and I divided among them according to their rank, the two of us adding to the sum.

The 4th of the Eleventh Month, the 2nd day of the week. Joseph Kirle and I prepared a small gift to send to the Governor of Augustine, and this day went with the Spaniards to Governor Blake's, staying there a day; the Governor entertained the Spaniards, and, having completed his letters, gave the Spanish captain a considerable present and sent him homeward, ordering them to call on the Yamasee Indians, where they might have as much Indian corn as they pleased to carry home with them — the towns of these Indians being about two or three days' rowing from Charles Town.

The 5th of the Eleventh Month, the 3rd day of the week. This day I returned, with my wife and child, to Charles Town, leaving Robert Barrow in a weak and low condition with Margaret Bammer. My family, with Joseph Kirle, were entertained by Captain James Risbee for the time of our stay in Carolina. Our seamen were mostly employed, some in one vessel, some in another, belonging to the port.

The 6th of the Eleventh Month, the 2nd day of the week. Joseph Kirle went on to the island of Providence, hoping for a swift passage to Pennsylvania, his home.

Towards the beginning of this month, Robert Barrow was brought to Charles Town, being extremely weak, and lodged at the house of Mary Cross, who kept him with much care.

The 18th of the First Month, the 5th day of the week. This day I, with my family, and Robert Barrow, embarked and set sail from this place for Pennsylvania, and had a fourteen-day passage to Philadelphia.

The 4th of the Second Month, the 1st day of the week. This day, in the evening, Robert Barrow departed this life, and was buried the 6th of the same month, having passed through great trials with much patience; and, in all our times of greatest trouble, he was ever ready to counsel us to

patience, and to wait on what the Lord our God would bring to pass. He would often say it was his belief that our lives should be spared, and not lost in that wilderness, among that people who would have made a prey of us. And so this good man, having finished his course with joy, laid down his body, and is with Him who rewards the just.

Thus, having completed our hard passage hither, wherein God's great mercy and wonderful loving-kindness have been largely extended to us, in delivering and preserving us to this day and time, I hope that I, with all of us who have been spared thus far, shall never be forgetful nor unmindful of the low estate we were brought unto; but that we may double our diligence in serving the Lord God — which is the great thing, and earnest desire of my soul. Amen.

Jonathan Dickenson.

FINIS.